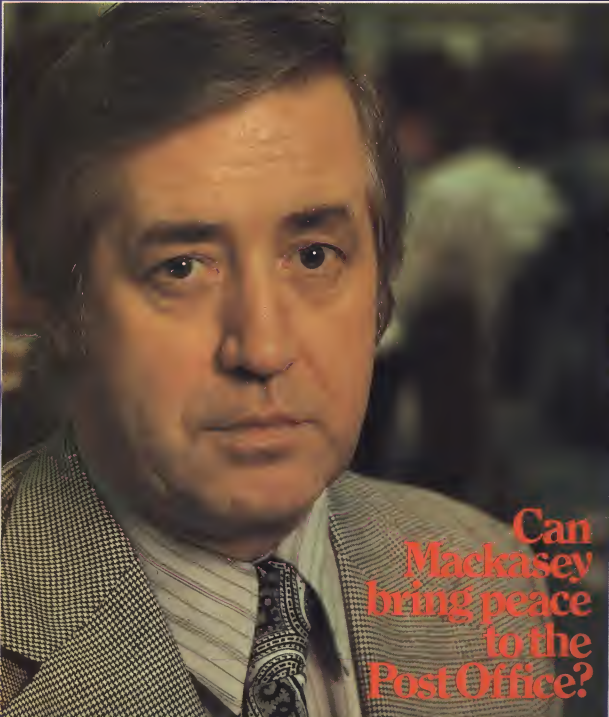


# Maclean's



Can  
Mackasey  
bring peace  
to the  
Post Office?





# Interview

With PIERRE ELLIOTT TRUDEAU

As the political renaissance of a following election heats up, the federal government's resolve and vigour, Pierre Elliott Trudeau finds himself once again at the centre of Canadians' hopes and concerns. No longer the carefree swinger nor yet the complacent technocrat, but a kind of Bushmaster in muck, he faces the current emergency (including resignation of his finance minister) with a curious sense of inner poise. A calm man in a hot world who has grumpy things to say is unbalanced by the mix of skill and madness that swirl about his government. On September 30, Peter C. Nowlan, editor of *Maclean's*, interviewed the Prime Minister in his Centre Block office. Throughout their conversation the Prime Minister seemed constantly to be juggling his responses to his questions, adjusting his answers, playing all the cards in his proper order. Despite the difficult policy decisions he must be making during the next few weeks, Trudeau gives the impression of being in charge, ready to test the powers of his newly shuffled cabinet, composed of men not so much hesitant to challenge him as unsure of their own. His office is a bare and tidy place. The life stream can stretch through its too sheltered walls. His sophisticated side is completely empty.

**Maclean's:** You said in your 1980 campaign that you were making no promises that we cannot keep. But now promises are being made and we are going to keep them. Is that making more that we keep the economy sound by spending so much that we run at a deficit? "It is the only way to make it through in the context of an extremely grave, dependent on the public service."

**Trudeau:** Well, it is, surely—given the contradictory nature of budgeting. You can never spend more than you have; otherwise you have monetary inflation. Since the people are asking for more and more services from the government, it does mean an increasing price tag of the gross national product in government budgets. I think the people themselves realize that there's a limit even to government intervention, and that our billion-dollar expenditure is not accompanied in the last budget industries we are asking in that direction ourselves. You will recall that in the fiscal year 1970, we bought in the first surplus budget in 13 years. The first.

**Maclean's:** At what point will Canada reach the stage where mandatory wage and price controls are the only remaining re-

sponse? There must be a point when you've tried everything else, and this is the only thing that's left.

**Trudeau:** Yes, there is such a point. Controls themselves, whether it be a full freeze or control of prices and incomes, do not solve the underlying problem of people generally trying to get more out of the economy than they put into it. If controls were a proper and effective device to change that psychology, we'd say, "Well, it's okay. Let's put on controls and one year down the road we'll take them off, and



**"YOU CAN'T HAVE ANARCHY WITHOUT SOMEBODY GETTING A BOOT IN THE ASS"**

there'll be no more inflation." But I think every experienced know of—most recently the United States and the British experience—is so different that when you take controls off you begin more or less where you were before.

**Maclean's:** The economy just catches up?

**Trudeau:** Exactly. People say, "Okay, we've been held down, or we've been controlled for a year. Now let's hurry up and get those wage increases. Those salary increases and those price increases that we've been prevented from getting by the restrictions of the state."

**Maclean's:** What's the alternative?

**Trudeau:** Well, the alternative is the one we've been attempting to promote, which we will until any further device is announced, continue to attempt to promote

first of all, it's to increase productivity as much as we can—for instance, in our various income withholding schemes for the food production sector, fisheries and farmers. Secondly, it's been to protect those who are least able to protect themselves against inflation, by reducing old age pensions, family allowances and so on. And thirdly to get the people to put an end to their inflationary expectations, to make them understand that one sector of the economy can't continue to grow faster than the economy itself without creating serious other sectors. The monopolistic sectors of our economy—big corporations which can pass on their costs, big unions which can get the corporations to pass on the costs—when they are growing much faster and consistently more than the economy as a whole—have to really taking money away from the poor sections of our society. Other means are available, short of full controls, but I repeat: if we knew that full controls would get people to realize that there'd be no hesitation in bringing them in. So it's not a fear of intervening in the market that.

**Maclean's:** It's no ideological thing?

**Trudeau:** There's no ideological thing up, so in most cases we prefer to let the freedom of choice operate. But there are some cases where we intervene, as in the setting of the price of oil. Lately—we've held the price down "way below world prices, as you know. So we can and we do intervene. We're interested in the long-run thing, to make sure that the country goes along a certain path that we think is necessary to keep the country together. We've intervened through the Department of Regional Economic Expansion, setting corporations that they will be subsidized, or the workers that they will be subsidized, if they go to less developed regions of Canada.

**Maclean's:** You must be frustrated by this dichotomy in people who keep asking for leadership, but don't want to be told what to do.

**Trudeau:** I sometimes wish that the absence of government action would realize that that's something of a dilemma. To use an extreme example of intervention, the suspension of the War Measures Act—you know, that was an extreme intervention, an extreme example of what you would call leadership. Well, if I'm not mistaken, many of the critics of the government's non-leadership were also critics of the government's leadership in that particular instance. What I'm trying to say is that in the philosophy of government as I see it, there are some rare cases where we must

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we're not economists. There are other cases where we must have some form of control. In other cases the greatest number of cases is where the people themselves must agree to redress. Now, goods and wages controls, in one, are a form of authoritarianism—where the state tells every individual what is good for him in terms of prices and in terms of wages and so on. And I believe that again, that people will not be told for good or for very long, by the state what is good for them. And therefore, unless they can come to understand the nonviolent consequences of arbitrary demands upon the economy either as producers or as consumers, we won't get inflation. And by "people" I include institutions, including governments themselves—federal, provincial and municipal. It's obvious that there has been a period, arising out of the postwar prosperity, a long period of time when governments thought they could give the people pretty well everything they requested. The sky seemed the limit. Now we're retrained, with extremely slow growth for a period, that you can't give people everything they're requesting without price economy, inflation and having a huge inflation.

**Maclean:** You mentioned the War Measures Act—where we have each other, when you were at the University of Montreal, if you had not been there in 1950 you surely would have been arrested and had your hands tied. How would you have felt had you been on the other side?

**Trudeau:** I don't think that's a proper interpretation of where I would have been. Well, let me answer you in theory. I think that if I had been on the side of those who were criticizing the authority of the duly elected representatives then I bloody well would have deserved to be in the risk of being arrested. You can't have anarchy without somebody going a bout in the middle of the busy elected governments. So if I'd been on the side of the anarchists, I hope I would have been arrested enough to say, "Well, I personally didn't deserve it, but I can understand the state not lying down and letting the anarchists take over." But knowing you're in the University of Montreal and before that, I'd be more likely to have moved against the established current, and more likely would have been loudly condemning the rage for violent methods, and loudly condemning these anarchists and some leaders and journalists and other members of the intelligentsia for supporting anarchy as they did. You'll recall that long period that so many of them signed—once leaders, academics, journalists, politicians—during periods where they said the state should give us and free the "political prisoners." Well, you know, to me this is the origin of so much of the disorder in Quebec today—the so-called *maquisettes*, the violence de classe, about which I was writing and even in the *U.S.* in vicinity of Montreal. When the days were done, when the police, order and good

government was challenged by a band of anarchists who, after some 250 bombings and other incidents had said to the state, "Well we will tell you what you are just and who you are," a large part of the *maquisettes* said, "You must give us to the anarchists." Now, is it surprising that we are reaping that harvest today in Quebec where every state leader, every leader of small groups says "Well, why should we respect established order?" but I would not necessarily have been around, I think then I would have been condemning.

## I KNOW THE PARTY WILL GET ALONG WITHOUT ME, AND SO WILL THE COUNTRY



people who were encouraging the giving in to undemocratic actions. Had there been any, then I would have deserved to be put in there.

**Maclean:** Soon after you became prime minister you said, among other things, "My idea of the *Trudeau* is one of basic reform. And yet you can hardly be said to have improved the criteria for appointments. In the absence of party pressures or have you abandoned any hope of reforming?"

**Trudeau:** Well, here again, what did I do? Very shortly after being in office I called a federal-provincial conference on the Constitution—a whole series of proposals for better office. They're all there for anyone to read. They involved some party system measures including getting the provinces, the provincial governments to appoint senators. So much for my willingness to carry out this reform wherever it's right there on paper for anyone to read. Now why I didn't go through is the story of the federal-provincial conference on the Constitution—you know what happened in Victoria. But surely I can't be faulted for not having tried to bring in reforms, and change the Constitution is the ways in which I was wrong. Even after that and so

spine of that future to get federal-provincial agreement, I certainly made an effort to bring in different types of people into the Senate. I named several people from the Opposition in one batch. I wanted you get people I thought as more women than before. But what makes me and it's a very small point, but when you name people who are of a reform character you get very little attention for it. When I brought in the South, a former Conservative premier of Nova Scotia, just a couple of months ago, there wasn't very much attention paid to it. But a few weeks later I brought in somebody else who had passed as a Liberal and you know this really has the fun. Well, go back to the time when I brought in Manning, a former Social Credit premier, Thibault, a former leader of the *non-CCF* in Quebec. Eugene Forsey, a longtime supporter of the *non-CCF*. Lawson head of the *Truism*—you know, a whole bunch of *non-Liberals*—there was something of a boom in the press. But when they go in a few *Liberals*, there's a big cry. Even with the most virtuous of politicians—which I am not—just can't always expect them to respond in relation again, if the reformer offers them anything positive but always gets their damnation from their own side. I think there may be a lesson for that in the crisis of my *Stimulus* appointments.

**Maclean:** You once explained to me that the difference between nationalism and patriotism was that you had a gut feeling for Canada. Has this grown or changed during your time in office?

**Trudeau:** I can't remember the exact context, but I can see what my feeling was. I wouldn't like to give it a similar quality between nationalism and patriotism.

**Maclean:** Well, let's just talk about nationalism. My feelings about nationalism and why I've always had prejudicial against it is the very history and meaning of the word. I never thought the nation should have preponderance over the individual. I never thought the nation, particularly in an ethnic or linguistic or color or a religious sense, should have the last word when it comes to a question of the freedom of citizens. That's about obvious—a nation states in ethnic or religious sense is oppressive or its minorities. Therefore I'm against that nationalism. I'm against nationalism even of a broader sense, if it is a rationale for the Establishment or the governing classes or those who have power with it to bring in solutions deleterious to individual freedoms.

**Maclean:** Can there be such a thing as a *nationalist* individual, where you defend a value as a unit overwhelmed by another?

**Trudeau:** Well, you can call it that if you want, just as in *After the Wilderness*. But for me, I'm still the word "nationalist"—particularly economic nationalism, though it appears in nationalistic form too—is very often a vehicle of the ruling classes to transfer wealth to them-

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"Come to think of it, if it wasn't for Mrs. Papas I never would have discovered how refreshing tea is."

"And she really does have good taste in fruit markets..."

Tea. A cup of peace and quiet.

in the case of culture—you put national culture because you want the people to have culture as defined by you. Now you can't even defend your back and say, "We have taken some Canadian music." "I'd say that the first is not they, but large, good for the mass of people or are they something which is brought in to protect a small elite group? And to me that's the test, whether it's economic, cultural or any other kind of consideration. If the duty of the state is to protect its citizens and to promote a greater extension of their liberty in some cases, the liberty as expressed by citizens, the majority or a prominent part of the citizens is to seek the way to protect them from others. The foreign intervention I guess is a case in point would be the seven our government took in the World Football League.

**Maclean:** Does that apply to magazines?

**Trudeau:** Well, it goes to the extent that the government has already announced that it wants to make sure that our system—in this case the television law—apply first and foremost for the people who pay taxes to it. Canadians, our attitude has been that those who receive taxpayer's money do not pay taxes who are exempted from the normal law should no longer be exempted unless they're Canadians. In other words, we are promoting our own culture, as we protect our own system, our own education, our own health care, and so on—we don't have to subsidize sports or culture in the United States. That is essentially the attitude for it. How that rationale is applied in this particular case, well, I guess, it wouldn't want to make sure that the measures are going to be staying in front of a parliamentary committee. But for the rationale to me, it's good. I would be opposed to a submission that prevented access to Canada of foreign adult foreign literature and foreign publications. This is not in promoting our own culture, assuming that governments know better than the Canadian people what they should be reading, and so on. But that's what has gone so misunderstood in this, you know better than anyone else. We're not going to prevent Canadians from reading foreign magazines—they can read as many as they want. All we're trying to do is that we will not use Canadian's taxes to subsidize foreign publications. Now, how you can't foreign publications be the best of the genre, and that's the test on which the whole project should rest.

**Maclean:** But presumably you would oppose the existence of an indigenous magazine?

**Trudeau:** Well, I rarely don't have to appear or to disagree. If the Canadian people want it, it will continue to exist. It's the case in Scotland—if people come being interested in a particular Canadian kind of Scotland, or whatever the other activity, magazines, cinema, they will find themselves hands raised to survive. The state, I think, should avoid giving advantage to foreign companies—it should

protect the national, and also the cases (as we have been with the Canadian content rules of radio and television) be based in favor of Canadian culture, and instead we're based in favor of Canadian magazines with the taxation law. I've just affirmed to, and from which we reject removing exceptions.

**Maclean:** How do you feel about some of the very prominent writers here last week, including John Turner?

**Trudeau:** Oh, a feeling of loss, no doubt. Talking of the more recent ones, Pollack's



**'NATIONALISM IS VERY OFTEN A VEHICLE OF THE RULING CLASSES'**

departure and Marchand's slowing down for health reasons, and Turner's moving for family reasons, is not very unusual in the party. But the party is a living organism; it grows, and people leave it and and come in at the other. I hope that when I leave, the party won't feel I'm irreplaceable. I know they won't. So I don't feel that my mission is irreplaceable. I just tell my minister who comes to me with that kind of suggestion, I think the individual's conception of his duty is the weight that my vision of it, because I will look at it from the institutional point of view—the government needs you, the country needs you, and so on. But if the individual is not happy that he has served as much and as well as he can, and he wants to go to something else, I think that's a better test than my own perfectionism. So, I would have preferred to keep Marchand in good health and Pollack and Turner around, and I told them so.

**Maclean:** How you changed your mind about the murder of the prime minister's daughter? Is there as much power in the office as you expected, or is it overrated?

**Trudeau:** How do you see a Canadian leader? If anything, there's perhaps a bit more power than I expected. I got into politics mainly to have a platform for some ideas, some views on the country, as so early, and in a sense I know that the Prime Minister had a higher platform, one from which he could speak more loudly. But I still see the job as one in which no government can do anything that people can't be led to accept, can't be persuaded at least to accept. The penalty for doing things people can't accept is either revolt or, more likely in a democracy, being thrown out of office. So I always realize that resistance on power of being able to go in one direction, providing you can bring the people with you. I guess basically that's why I'm a Liberal—because I think the role of a leader is a democratic one, to show the way to the people, but not to be out of touch with them, not to have this critical idea which the people are not able to accept in this particular time.

**Maclean:** Some we don't have a paper in a king, there's some moral current in the prime minister. People expect a great deal of you and they're looking some about the drift in Ottawa, that there's a kind of dynamic instability here. How do you balance the call for action against keeping up to democratic values?

**Trudeau:** People want to be led, but they don't want to be pushed. The direction is vital. They have to be convinced that you are right in order to follow you willingly and they have to remain convinced that you are consistently right. A great part of my job is getting people to accept that the scale as you see them is right. I suppose 95% of people's actions are determined by their individual choices, freely exercised. There's only the margin it cases where they feel that the government is really forcing them, really pushing them in one direction, and I think that margin must be relatively slim, and that therefore a government must choose the areas where it wants to intervene and exercise its powers in its authoritative way. That's a liberal approach, it's not authoritarian. I suppose this is a socialist approach which theoretically at least, thinks that the state can do better than the people. And if it's better than the conservative approach—and I'm talking in a philosophical sense, not in a strong in a big-C Conservative or a big-S Socialist. The conservatives are at the other extreme: complete laissez-faire, believe the private sector is always right.

**Maclean:** It's about your perception of your own destiny? Do you feel there's still a lot of room for us?

**Trudeau:** I do now, yes. I have a lot more things that I want to do and I feel that I have a proper team, both in and out of cabinet, to do them. But I'm sure that won't be forever. I'm sure at some point that I will feel I've done what I could, and I will feel the appeal of putting his unexcusable. This I know the party will go on without me—and so will the country. ☐



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## In defense of Sudbury

I take great pleasure in Walter Stewart's shocking description of Sudbury as a "where is a howl" in *Myer Stewart Goes To Washington* (September).

I moved to Sudbury by choice nine months ago and have found it to be one of the most pleasant communities in which I have ever lived. Few outsiders realize the many green areas, extensive parks (great skate rinks), symphony orchestra and chorus, conventions, and rich cultural and social life that exist in this community. Stewart's misadventure and ignorant comment is absolutely unjustified, irresponsible and unprofessional.

ROY DAVIDS PEMBERSON  
ST MARK'S CHURCH, SUDBURY

Rarely have I read such a silly, untruthful and badly researched-for-misuse as Walter Stewart's description of Sudbury as "a where is a howl." I doubt Stewart has ever spent time to see the city of Sudbury.

Stewart extols the beauty and amenities of Ottawa, admired to a greater extent by the use of taxpayers' money. A lot of this money comes from Sudbury as many workers in our most needed industry and from the many individuals who feel unfairly affected by the phrase used in the article.

DR. A. R. FORBES, SUDBURY

"Where is a howl?" Walter Stewart may know a fair bit about where, even about where in Toronto, but he clearly doesn't know much about Sudbury. Stewart's seems to want to be a published magazine appearing biweekly with a mandate to "report" and advertise this country, but it's pretty hard to see how this purpose is

accomplished by too easy denigration.

Sudbury has more grace than Stewart seems to have noticed (perhaps he's died on his "where is a howl"). But we must realize there are serious urban policy issues confronting this country. We need a new national policy that will shape different styles of urban planning, styles that will coexist with the geographical realities of Canada, styles that will include "dead-end" places like Sudbury.

Perhaps Mackenzie could help in shaping for Canadian society more adequate financial resources for our urban policy for a season, a policy that would have a decisive effect for our national future.

CHARLES FORBES, MINISTER  
OF ANTIQUITIES, SUDBURY

A better approach to Walter Stewart's description of Sudbury may be to argue that the provincial and federal legislatures and environmental agencies have jumped for Sudbury's wilderness.

SHIRLEY SCOTT, ELIZABETH AND RYAN SUDBURY

In my view, Walter Stewart's comment on Sudbury was a dart to the heart, leaving and accurate, worth no more than a mild gasp or grimace.

Most citizens of Sudbury must wear blinkers to remain devoutly unconscious of the fact that Sudbury looks many times as attractive as it has taken for granted for a long time. For example, my street has no sidewalks and no street lights, and there are no heavy people here who can say their street does have them. The main streets are in an atrocious condition and Sudbury's lack of trees is obvious. There

is an uncomfortable inefficiency of park space, and the city traps and the rusted landscape are still here for all to see.

If a pity that all the citizens angered by Stewart's description can't muster their outraged energy and help reform the old wrong.

ROBERT JACOBSON, SUDBURY

There may be a lot of truth in Sudbury's being "a where is a howl" but the wording picks my spine. Walter Stewart should remember that from the dark hills of Sudbury came one to win two wars and to build industrial Canada. It is the northerners who view the bare rocks with pride and see beauty in them, and they who find solace in the trees, grass and farms that surround the lakes and countryside. I feel that Sudbury has the potential for being one of the magnificent cities in Canada.

CHRISTINE JOHNSON, CARleton, ONT.

The trouble with journalists is that they delight in taking potshots at Sudbury without getting to know the city. Granted, some areas outside Sudbury do look like the backside of the moon, but I think Sudbury proper has impressed as looks tremendously in the past 16 years. Sudbury does have flaws, but I am tired of the many derogatory remarks I read.

MEL G. ADAMS, SUDBURY

## God and Mr. Sinclair

Gordon Sinclair's *God Had Nothing To Do With It* (September) has a strange title for an article that ends with the bold and sensitive disclosure of faith: "Devo deep to the human spirit is something eternal and you and I are part of it." With the real Gordon Sinclair please stand up!

WILLIAM SCOTT, BRAINTFORD, ONT.

Gordon Sinclair's article was typical Sinclair. He spent the first page and a half rambling down *Exodus* Hymnsway. He then proceeded with such a mishmash of drivel about himself that I stopped reading. To me, he is a paper-opera.

GEORGE KESTIVE, SAINT JOHN

I feel that a person is mature when he can say "I am my only master or judge." In this day and age, when individualism seems to be on the wane, it's refreshing to read about Sinclair's arrogance, brashness, cockiness and self-indulgence. One assumes that he has discovered himself over 75 years, but I must ask if Sinclair really knows himself? I suggest the real Sinclair is a good person at heart, one who is really

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## Preview

## A LITTLE LAWN'ORDER TO HELP THE HANGING BILL GO DOWN

The Trudeau government once it has dealt with the economic situation will bring in legislation to abolish the death penalty (and this is the paper word, since polls show that 70% of Canadians are in favor of hanging) (considered) the abolition with a series of tough-law-and-order measures.

• Ministers of justice and prison guards would get full life sentences, no reduction of parole, lifetime for premeditated murder.

• Minimum jail terms—in high as 30 years—would be imposed for non-capital murder.

• Failing provisions for an automatic reduction of a quarter of sentence will be abolished. Inmates will have to "earn" early release.

• The number of parole officers and other personnel will be increased.

• Judges will be co-opted to meet out harsher sentences.

• All guns will be licensed and tougher restrictions will be put on handgun ownership.

The package comes under the government's euphemistic "peace and security," and is a response to private polls which show respect for the law is the second-greatest concern of Canadians, after the economy.

The plan, then, for it to let the economic "holocaust" men their course on the front pages, then come in with the crime-paralysing measures. There is still some problem as to whether there should be a free vote in the Commons on any case politicians who vote to abolish the death penalty and vote for the other tough measures will be able to have retractions on their consciences they are not soft on crime.

## The probing question

That on again-off again crime probe in Quebec was in the on again stage early this month, at least temporarily. The Brossard government, though, along by the commission of Judge Alan David on numerous occasions, appeared to be ready to renew its mandate beyond

December. But then the word came down from Ottawa that the federal government is



Dubois will lie, or won't lie?

tended to challenge the constitutionality of the commission in the Supreme Court as early as next month, should it be successful the probe would be over. Some Quebec Liberals wouldn't be too disappointed. So far more has been dug up about the government than about crime, revelation of Quebecers eating, taxed men while inspection were being bought off and connections between prominent Liberals and the underworld. And (just recently) David was asking embarrassing questions about the liquor commission and the lobby agency.

## Fading back . . . back . . .

When the bankruptcy-probe World Football League announced a complex financial reorganization last spring, president Chris Hammer performed himself some modest self-congratulation. "The plan is viable," he said. Hammer's confidence may not have been entirely well placed. This year, at last, avoidance has been amenable, trust overwhelmed and honestly pay rolls over. Few football men expect the w/o to survive the current season. If it folds, at least three members of the Memphis Southmen will need unemployment benefits. For Miami Dolphins stars Larry Csonka, Jim Rankin and Paul Warfield received a guaranteed \$1.7 million to sign with Memphis (owned by Toronto's Johnny F. Buchanan) And accepting, as done.

Chicago has already been bedeviled with Washington Redskins coach George Allen, of



Cannock hedging his bets

the w/o. But there is now talk that when the w/o goes to strongest teams (Memphis and the Birmingham Vulcans) will win franchises in an expanded w/o.

## The old job's waiting

The federal Tories haven't even an election under Robert Stanfield's leadership—and the Nova Scotia Tories have done



Stanfield's bet, come harvest

invariably without loss. So it seems as it sounds. Robert Stanfield's over job just could be his old one. There are rumblings of disaffection among Nova Scotia Conservatives with the performance of John Buchanan who took over the leadership in 1971 and lost an election in 1974 to Gerry Regan's Liberals. One w/o journalist has observed that "55% of Tories would vote against him on a w/o ballot."

Buchanan is known for not delegating responsibility, for reaching rather than removing

ing, for low party morale and a laxer organization. Some Stanfield led the party in its glory days, holding the province from 1956 through 1967 when he became federal leader and became he'll be only 41 and politically jobless next February, he becomes the prime candidate—if he wants it. Stanfield and his people haven't exactly jumped at the suggestion—but haven't totally discounted it, either. "He is a man who always responds to the call of duty," a confident biographer "I don't feel his active political career is over."

## A Capital idea

Downsides Ottawa has been, traditionally, a great place to work. But nobody'd want to live there. In the past few years, there has been a resurgence of sorts, with the establishment of good restaurants and centres of culture. So downtown Ottawa has also become a nice place to visit. Now there's a project afoot to make it a nice place to live. A consortium of private agencies, including the National Capital Commission and the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation is working with local governments on a plan for a \$700 million residential complex just west of Parliament Hill, called Le Breton Halls. It would house 12,000 people. Among those involved



Diamond: lower is better

in the planning is Toronto architect Jack Diamond who designs housing communities that will accommodate as many people as high rises.

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Christians: let them be pure

longer but still exhibiting what a department official calls "a considerable interest" in Quebec parks, is negotiating from his Treasury Board post for a third park on the banks of the Lower Saguenay River.

But Quebecers have grown sick of Ottawa's park plan. First Quebec nationalists don't like them because they represent an invasion of the Quebec "nation." There are reasons this is more down-to-earth than the "nationalism" of the climate of well-oiled-orchestra-type "pop-punk" hymns, it is not racist, banger-themed and second-and-third-ahows—they would have done Madison Avenue proud. They're money and they sure are all for economically lagging regions: a recent book by a Quebec economist, *Le Québec en danger*, listed the idea, and presumed the Quebec government to code the lead to Paris/Cairo/Cape. But even Paris/Cairo/Cape, or the local park support unionists like it, do nothing in Montreal: had been talking whoppers. Instead of the 1,000 jobs that were supposed to be created, the park will create 100 jobs. Forlorn, perhaps, there are fewer than 200 new full-time jobs in the park and a negligible number in the area. And to make way for the park more than 200 Toronto-style houses were forced to leave homes that had no same cases before their "failures for justice." The Quebec government, the explicit proponent for the federal government, came to finance all terms with those who lost their properties (theoretically some will be moved back to transit exhibits for a "model village"). They'll pretend to take the park as a "model village" and take the money away, while the losers look on.

Minner National Park was actually long on promises and almost in short of delivery. In 1964 people there were told the park would bring between 500 and 7,500 jobs (depending on who was doing the talking). Minner Carlson suggested a million visitors a year would come to the 210 square mile park and these visitors would bring \$24 million with them. It hasn't happened. There isn't those visitors (even 930,000 averages last year) and we're not back on 1971 as an average of 200,000 here have found seasonal jobs on the site. These models were built outside the park.

And now the beginning: A Harwood hawk could call the rambling birds and bluffs along Quebec's second river "God's country" and get away with a Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa who'll "use of the localities names in the world and in the province." The hawk would be struck by time, even the names of the landmarks—River Darnell and Cap Trinity—speak of some big, broiled destiny. "No doubt about it," says Gignac's Gagné, a person who lives in a small weathered thought house on land that would be part of his new park. "It would be very nice, but I don't know if it's really what we need. Some solid information—not the stuff I tell them in Ferland and Maurice." Gignac says, "When this park project comes into existence calling they say 'Oh you want 500 million? You want 300 jobs?' Then support the park, preserve the province, protect the environment, I am over the top."

Cognitive and a local comedian called "Dipsters-Serve" are in the majority. Most people want the park than not. "Well, what would anyone say when they're asked if they want \$300 million? But nobody's even asking any questions. Who does the \$300 million go to? To us, or do we contribute in Chicago? And all the other cities? We have more money than it can hold." And those \$300 jobs. People keep their homes? And those \$300 jobs. What is there going to be, for \$300 million to do full-time? Guard the roads? Will there even be any tourists when the park is open? The price of gas is 90 cents here already. There won't be many Americans coming. It'll go much higher. We can't get answers. We can't even get a real public hearing." Christian once said he was off for public hearings.

A Quebec city photographer and former Parks Canada employee named Lucie Naud says there have been seven attempts to start parks since 1868. Besides Fortin's Ministry and Sugarsmyer, four others—namely Sept-Îles, Tremblant, or the Chaudière River and the Maine border and at Matapédia—never failed as a halfway serious plan to place a park. "It always happens the same way," says Naud. "Someone in the area gets a bright idea, then before you can get around Parks Canada is saying it's ready and willing to undertake negotiations with the province for the land. There are such from Parks Canada interested people, whose committees are formed and if things aren't going too well they're broken down." Lucie Naud lives in Baie d'Amqui, where she has seen the flag of the province of Quebec have all shown the flag in the Sturgeon.

Gordon Arvott, head of Parks Canada's legislative division, says since the department hasn't created any parks for so many years before Clinton's arrival "a lot of our staff didn't know much about it. But we're learning as we go along," Parks Canada director-general J. J. Nicol says.

"Where there is a 'local movement' to have a national park we will provide an official to go up and give a slide show, but that's all." Will there be more parks? Nicol said there were 39 photographs, regions in Canada and it was the department's goal to have at least one park in each. "Where there is no representation we'd like to fill in the blanks." —GLEN ALLER

## BRITISH COLUMBIA

**For the good of all concerned**

**For some guests on the table**  
 Former Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, in his first public appearance since he was stabbed to death in Jerusalem, made a good and brief explanation of Israel. "What we did today was for the parents, talking to adolescents." In the carefully tailored atmosphere of the Bengali Room in Victoria's Empress Hotel, the NDP's passionless was being overly cautious. What he had done that morning was pull the plug on his party's 60,000 member support by bluntly ordering 80,000 men back to work, something it was thought he would never have himself done. At a stroke, Rabin's government cut off the oil and gas pipelines linking Colombia and in the process, undercut a blood-soaked opposition. Fiercest at more than two months of similar turmoil.



**Kling, Barnett: lose a little, gain a lot**

hydro rail is the regular train service, and weekend service. The bill, the Collective Bargaining Communications Act, gave labor and management 48 hours to resolve work for a 90-day cool-off period during which they are to settle their differences on new contracts. It covers four major areas: the disputes that have shut down the forest industry since embarking on the forest industry's warrent that had closed 125 Vancouver-area sawmills; the Teamsters' strike cutting off gas supplies to northern Vancouver Island mills; and the railroad workers that had ended BC railway service.

For Barrett and everyone involved, it was a hectic week. Despite public attacks, the BC cabinet had been thinking of massive intervention in the drug trade for at least two weeks. Lost tax revenue from the fossil industry alone was bleeding one million dollars a day from the provincial treasury. With the refusal of two pub-

women to negotiate. Barrett felt he had to act "discreetly in public." He called a secret weekend cabinet meeting and expanded his original bill to include all the major departments. When a grim Labor Minister Bill Knight introduced the legislation at a special sitting, opponents watched Social Credit Leader Bill Bennett and his shadow cabinet squabble as they realized the bill frustrated their plans for a wholesale attack on the government's failure to intervene in the disputes.

Across the province, labor leaders new and old like staffed Caisses. But in turn they recommended to their members a return to work. Art Grenier of the Canadian Paper Workers Union spoke firmly against unionism. 'Today Mr. Bennett and his government rule the crest of a wave of popularity which approaches near hysteria. We have no doubt there is widespread popular support for his simplistic solution. The IFC Federation of Labor voted on some last-minute position by threatening to run labor candidates to oppose every woman here who supported the bill.

Prime Minister Barroso headed back to his month-long tour of the province, testing popular support for his government with the knowledge that his intervention in the crisis has given him a strong plank for an election campaign that could come as early as next month.

JACQUES HAMILTON

## 1545/04

### The alienated minority

**For points, not apparently open to all sides of a debate, many of the 37 men who met in north-western Saskatchewan last month succeeded. The Committee on Resources, set up by the Northwest Territories to study firsthand the proposal for a seven-inches-diafther pipeline down the Mackenzie Valley. But by January only to the year-long, their pipeline study was more a case of annual ritual. The committee deliberately excluded from its schedule any groups such as the Indian Brotherhood of the Northwest Territories. The active people would have their land claims settled before any pipeline could. The committee's speaker**

## CONTENTS

## Doctor in the house

A lively round-faced woman, Beale lounges along the lines of a pepper pot. Beale's Scepticism looks every inch a 50-year-old mother of six. Her mature appearance, however, belies her national reputation as a tough-minded doctor, outspoken head of the (Academy of) Canadian Medical Association and as of early this month, (vice) premier.



Stephenson: again, the first woman was

keeping alive the Tories' minority government, the first in 30 years.

Stephenson has a history of setting precedents. In 1964 she became the first female head of the general practice department at Toronto's Women's College Hospital. She became the first woman president of the Ontario Medical Association in 1970 and last year, the head of the CMA. She is an outspoken advocate of liberalized abortion, family planning and equal divorce.

Yes, Father, if you were to add to the resignation of the first Justice Minister Otto Lang for allowing his personal life to interfere with his laws on abortion. She has comforted larval unions and "travel mouthed" saddle-buddies in Ottawa for Gabe's provide leadership in fighting legislation and has urged her colleagues in parliament to temper their pay demands. Coincidentally, Ontario's doctors are asking 35% to 50% raises, and Dr. Stephenson, aka chairman, will have some say on their demands. It's obvious Dr. Stephenson looks forward to her new job. "I'm infinitely glad to enjoy a good battle from time to time."

McMurry, 43, is a college football coach at the University of Nevada at Reno and a member of Davis' and probably his closest friend. For years he has been a well-placed cog in the Big Sky Machine, known for its ability to bring peace to warring factions of the party. He comes across as a carefully right-winged man with the reputation of being a pink. Try because of his civil libertarian attitudes and outspoken opposition to developers. McMurry admits the world has liked someone to dole out his thoughts before he brings them to the cabinet but adds: "I've already learned it's not as much more than an law that you put on the street as it is."



# The World

## DESPISED ABROAD AND SEETHING WITHIN, SPAIN RALLIES TO FRANCO

It was as if the entire world had been united to witness the execution of the first sentence. In fact, Spain's brutal act was not designed to arouse the interest of any international audience. The five young terrorists were from Spain and in their senseless slaughter of Spanish policemen they had not injured any borders nor had they violated any of Madrid's treaties with other nations. The language-crazed truth they had endured were typical of the brand of justice handed out right and left, and following the same elsewhere. The death sentence was not unique in Uganda, for instance, where 7,000 people have been executed for lesser crimes and many of them without even the pretense of a trial. Yet when Idi Amin, Uganda's dictator, presided down the aisle to the speaker's podium at the Uganda National assembly he was greeted with astonishing applause. When Francisco Franco defiantly defended his act he was greeted by a storm of global outrage that spanned the capitals of Europe and mainstream radio violence.

In fact, more than 30 people were injured in demonstrations against Spain along the Champs Elysees around one a riot, the Spanish ambassador's residence was bombed in Rome, British and Yugoslav, Italian, European governments, recalled their ambassadors from Madrid, while government spokesmen from Mexico, Sweden and Britain denounced the Franco regime in formal terms.



cent of another 60,000 40 years after Spanish officials were amazed and repugnant at the outcry. They took every opportunity to denounce their detestation in speeches, editorials, and correspondence

leaving the country. Washington, caught in the middle of negotiating terms for contact and use of Spanish military bases by U.S. forces, maintained an embarrassed silence before finally mentioning, on the words of White House Press Secretary Ron Nease, that the White House would really prefer not to get into a debate on what is basically an internal Spanish matter. "Ghosts look a similar apathy," Georges-Henri Bloin, Canada's ambassador to Spain who had returned to Ottawa prior to word of the massacre, was delivered in the capital and Journal Affaire Monnaie. After MacEachron could be recalled, Bloin has since returned to Madrid and Ottawa was quietly repeating that Canada's policy toward Spain remains unchanged.

While the instruments could hardly be defended, it is clear that European protest were generated more by an old and deep hostility toward Madrid than by any deep concern about the death sentence or the intrinsic pain or injustice. Francisco Franco, after all the leader of the far-right-wing dictatorship left in Europe. His detractors don't have to resign to resign. As if to answer this charge four days after the infamous executions were overthrown, a 31-year-old man appeared in a trial wearing the thirty-third year of his detention. Spain, an eight-year-old foreigner, 150,000 cheering Spaniards applauded the 32-year-old leader in the vast courtyard facing Madrid's Royal Palace. A frail old man whose face was pale and whose eyes were closed, he was supported by his faithful followers for only a few minutes. His words were inaudible over the chanting mass of the crowd.

"France, France, Communists No. 1," "Yes, the man of appeal was a man who thought. Many of the crowd were rowdy, persons based in from small villages where the old but efficient political machine of Franco's Falange party hand out jobs, appointments, positions to positions of local power and represent all enemies. The country folk were given a free day's market to the capital city that included a pocket lunch, wine and 300 points (just over three dollars) in pocket money.

The rally had a further implication that was equally important to the country's 25 million people in just may have marked Franco's last public appearance. Suffering from an advanced case of Parkinson's disease, the General's physical and mental condition is deteriorating rapidly and so many he appears like a workday doctor whose mind is fading as rapidly as his health. Franco is facing the

strongest test of his political career outside his borders in a time when he is going to face potentially explosive divisions within. Although political parties are theoretically outlawed at least four, including the Communist party operate secretly across the country.

If the older Spaniards are still indiffer-



Francisco playing out his last hours

ent to their leader's oppression the young are not any of the country's university students are cynical and raising open hostility to Madrid's government. Moreover, a vast body of Spain's workers are reportedly waiting for the day when they can openly go on strike against the regime without risking retaliation. But Franco's project, three centuries from the country's 11 million languages—a people with their own language and culture—whose bitter hatred of Franco's fascist government has been organized into the ETA, a quasi-military national movement, nation goals include the creation of a separate Basque state. ETA fighters have been responsible for countless bombings and shootings in the country as they press their demands despite efforts by the armed forces and the police to destroy the movement. Even the middle class Spanish bourgeoisie is now beginning to have second thoughts about the government's oppressive policies. At a time of economic growth with falling inflation and the Madrid stock market at an all-time high, the world's free markets are wary. The European Market's governing economic institutions reflecting Europe's anger, recommended immediate suspension of the 10-year-old negotiations for a trade agreement with GEC members and Spain.

Within the next few weeks Spanish courts will try either ETA and Madrid inco-

gnate growing Europe with a fresh look at Franco's strategy. Spaniards are anxious for another reason: the ETA has promised that further punishment of arrested members will result in acts of revenge. There was again that the government might adopt a gentler approach in an effort to end the ETA. Franco's choice is believed to be more informed by foreign negotiators than it does to admit and a counter-attack after alternatives in dealing with future trials. At the same time, Spain's night-long curfew is pressing for even stronger measures to deter militant elements and international public criticism. Since foreign correspondents have been removed from Franco's government and the government has said it is considering expelling news newsmen from the country.

In one way, the international presser over the terrorization worked to Franco's advantage. Spaniards always have been tense about outside criticism were likely to rally around him at least in part out of a sense of national pride. That would not only moderate influence that the country's premier Carlos Arca might have. It also meant that Franco's last supporters, Prime Juan Carlos would remain on the sidelines. For the little boy, General Franco, the aging dog, will last vestiges of his country.

### MIGROON

#### The shouting match

The rhetoric, a fierce, delivered with fervor and lightning in its intensity. In Moscow, Russians are warned in *Kommunist* 1/2.



Russian troops on the China border: in Peking's rhetoric, an armistice starts here

the armistice began the official of the Communist Party's Central Committee that "We're talking to work still a conciliatory attitude toward Moscow." promotes the anti-Marxist, antirevolutionary term of the Chinese leadership. "In Peking, the belittled hyperbole reaches hysterical proportions

"The Soviet revisionism renege slogan is a sign of anti-ideology... its bourgeoisie strategy is the nerve center of all revisionism," denounce the *People's Daily*. The New China News Agency took that scenario a step further when it portrayed the Soviet Union as a society of "widespread graft, embezzlement... prostitution, drunk and drug addiction."

Thus the world's two most powerful Communist countries exchange snipes, trading epithets and threats as they avoid their use of words with a vengeance not even Khrushchev and Chou En-lai squared off along the Manchurian border six years ago.

The question is what these words may lead to next. Nobody mentions the verbal blows with more care than Moscow's oppressive cadre of Chinese experts. Attached to the Soviet Foreign Ministry is the Central Committee and the university more than 1,800 Soviet specialists reportedly work under Professor Mikhail Kapustin, head of the Far East section of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Although most of their work is classified, enough bits and pieces are published in the pages of the quarterly publication for *Foreign Affairs* to give interesting insights into Moscow's mindsets.

The Kremlin's uncompromising pronouncements to Peking are seen at a national and a warning specifically directed at Mao Tse-tung and to a lesser extent at Chou En-lai. It is clear to experts in Moscow that the real key to future relations between both countries lies in the outcome of the current power struggle between both Chinese leaders. The Soviets are con-

king reason to postpone further rifts between the two leaders. The latest polemic was also aimed at another equally threatening development: Peking's active and ambitious attempts to lure the political left in the Communist bloc. This content was emphasized the month when Soviet Ambassador Tolstolov walked out of Peking's Great Hall of the People in the middle of vice-premier Teng Hsiao-ping's denunciation of Russia's "imperialist and revisionist" demand for a neutralist Yugoslavia's delegation to a year in their view.

Tolstolov was accompanied by envoys from east European satellites as he made his way to the door. To the typical Russian, such political maneuvering is standard. The Chinese have been so successful in luring hostile people over since the forces of Genghis Khan met the Russians on the banks of the Kala in 1223 and inflicted a bloody defeat that still makes Russia proud. Yet Mao's leaders tend to treat great events as propaganda. The Soviet Union's Peking collectors leadership is always emphasized that the people are victims of Moscow's mistakes and misdeeds.

The Chinese are offered no such distinction. Peking's leaders have long been convinced that the Soviet Union is a mortal enemy that Moscow will light the fuse. All Russians are hunting for global power and peace is only temporary say Chinese editorial writers. That there was a warning given by foreign minister Chen Keun has only less merit in the United Nations when he told leaders. "What characterizes the current world situation is a deadly not an irreversible process of dilute but the approaching danger of a new world war." China's military leaders appear convinced that Armageddon may begin in the province of Szechwan, the isolated desert region that bridges the Soviet border. This month Peking's top general, Chen Huo-tsun told the people of the border region.

We can highlight one viewpoint and strengthen perceptions for an especially against support attacks by Soviet revisionist imperialists. "Chinese citizens are warned in Moscow's planning to be prepared. To dig trenches deep, store grain everywhere and do not work for money."

No doubt those declarations of impending doom are aggravated by Russia's apparent pleasure with dissent in Europe. Peking's official line is that the United States and Russia will eventually be drawn into war. One of their own leaders, China's leaders told a different story. The tide of dissent is only a rare and Chinese leaders repeated by caution war Europeans that Moscow is "floating in the East to attack in the West."

No one here is currently expecting any withdrawal in Peking's resistance line—until new leaders emerge in China and hopefully draft a more conciliatory approach to Russia. The Kremlin is only hopeful that hard line will force Peking to postpone any revisionist that could open



THE GOVERNMENT DOCTOR TELLS THE INDIANS THAT ALL THAT MERCURY IN THEIR BLOOD DOESN'T MEAN THEY'RE SICK. WHY, THEN, IS MATTHEW BEAVER HAVING TROUBLE WALKING AND TALKING AND SEEING? B

Suddenly a photographer climbs out of the red pickup truck by the roadside and focuses his camera on a cross sporting a chequy paws marked *Sorex araneus* of Canada. He motions Matthew Beaver out of the truck to pose for him a bit of human side.

His upper lip quivers at a constant tremor. His bent-toed hands shake as he keeps them stuffed in his red windbreaker.

A black and white photograph showing a large industrial complex, possibly a pulp mill, built on a rocky, elevated shoreline. In the foreground, turbulent water with white foam flows over dark, jagged rocks. The industrial facility in the background consists of several large, rectangular buildings and tall chimneys, some of which are emitting smoke or steam into the sky. The overall scene depicts a powerful natural force interacting with a large-scale human-made structure.

Matthew Bower is 24. In high school in Wisconsin, he was once a pro hockey prospect. But now his slim, handsome, dark body cannot keep up with the simple coordination tests the doctors give him. But is the Japanese doctor who tested him and 58 other Indians here in August there is no

[illegible]

## NOW SCIENTISTS AND TV CREWS COME BY SEAPLANE TO LOOK AT MATTHEW AND THE REEF

only work he knows, guiding the rich American tourists at the fishing lodges that permit us staying open on the tanned lake chutes, leading them out into the deep water where the big ones are, then deftly tilting and flying up the fresh white walls of the shore cockpit that he always looks forward to gulping down. "The fish, they taste so good," he says. "They look good too, first, not eat." This summer usually worked after five years of winnings, Matthew Beaver cut back his guiding—and his income—by half. That morning when a reporter and a photographer met him, he was hunched up at the head of the skiff, shaking and embarrassed, to apply for welfare. If it didn't come through quick, he was going back out fishing like his friends. There was only a dollar in his pocket and some soup left in the small, basic, runny 4-39 house by the water where he had five kids to feed, only a four-hour hospital and a tiny woodstove. "I got so many kids, they got to eat. I got to keep going," he says. "Fish don't own livelihood, and still is. There's boys that keep winter's inside. I talked to some of them and they say if the fish was bad, why would they let the American tourists sit at?"

Matthew Beaver stands out on the rocks where the bay laps against the beach, a mangled and magnetic blue dancing in the autumn sun and the shales his head. "This memory—I know it was in the summer, I know it was poison. But how would it get to the water, is the fish I don't know, I don't know," he says.

The Dryden Paper Co. looms like a ramshackle over the landing little town of the same name 34 miles east of Kenosha. A hulking, concrete monster of towers and smokestacks belching foul grey clouds that swirl like an antacid on house and drift in the breeze toward the highway exits that call itself Anna Park. From 1962 to 1970, its adjacent chlor-alkali plant which produces chemicals to bleach the paper, dumped 10 to 20 pounds of waste mercury a day into the Waubesa River. From there it seeped slowly and unobtrusively downstream for 130 miles past Grassy Narrows and the nearby Winnebago reserve, eventually across the Manitowish band into Lake Winnebago, poisoning up from the salt through the food chain. It is a complex and limited program through the packed and jaded the state is famous for.

Five years ago when the Ontario government ordered Dryden to cut down its mercury dumping, banned the sale of fish from the entire watershed and suggested that fishing lodges should be pulled down



Waubesa roulette: despite the warnings, the Indian continues to eat fish



Memorial living testimony to Milwaukee



More broke no problem: 13 years ago, the dead was told, they got running water

throwing their catches back by means of Day-Glo orange net or row row open, they also used the whole thing would be cleaned up in 16 to 20 weeks. But mercury experts say it will take 70 to 100 years for the river to restore itself. Even now there is no fish life in the last 40 miles of the Waubesa below Dryden—"a dead river," it's called.

Three days the big white pipe in Dryden vomits a thick, yellowish-brown bile into the Waubesa—but, says the company, only one 3 lb of an ounce a day of mercury (which will stop completely at the beginning of November when its process begins mercury-free) still. On January 13 this year, the company admits an "operational error" dumped 12 pounds of mercury into the river. And even then, all monitoring of the water is done by Dryden itself. In all this time, the Ontario government has never brought a suit against



El-Chief Keweenaw with stroke victim mother-in-law here, the world had the reserve go from 8% employed to 80% on welfare. They live in the tourist industry, but the mercury killed that

In fact, until the end of this season, the state provincial government—which all along has stated that fish with a mercury level higher than 5 parts per million were unsafe for human or animal consumption—has continued to become all tourist camps that wanted to stay open along the river where guests are proudly served up fish fry lunches that are first in line to 20 times higher than that mark. Last year the government even bought Menate Lodge, pumping at least \$7.5 million into it, and got into the tourist fish-ery business itself. Tourism and pulp mills, after all, are the economic anchors of the Ko-



ron area, where a 40-foot synthetic framed statue of Henry the Monkey stands in town monument. And it would not be good for other tourism or pulp mills to have it known that University of Rochester toxicologist Dr. Tom Clarkson has recently computed that a tourist who establishes a five-part per million mercury level (the average river levels over a period of three weeks can briefly build up a blood level of 450 parts per billion—100 parts higher than Matthew Beaver has. When a visitor returns into the regional tourist office at the edge of town to ask about mercury, she is told by manager Frank Nemstad, "It's all a big joke. We eat the fish all the time. Why they say you'd have to eat 30 pounds of fish a day for seven years to get sick."

The attitude of Kenosha is not far removed from that of Elmer M. Jacobson, author and publisher of a novel little red-covered booklet called *Deadly Fish* that sold 28,000 copies from the bus station center and portage the Indian in a hopeless drunk. "This mercury's a farce," she says. "Why, there's a bigger problem with the Indians drinking big copper red lead."

Even as late as a few weeks ago, Dr. James Stepp, senior consultant on environmental health for Ontario, told MacInnes that "We have no full-blown Minnema disease. And because people have a 300 parts per billion blood level doesn't mean they're sick now. You also just using their own's a problem." But Dr. Stepp said it was a federal problem. An Indian Affairs official, however, considers unanimously that he has seen a letter from his minister, Jack Buckman, saying that it's a provincial responsibility. Meanwhile, Luc (A man who can't) Borne, the big, heavy Minister of Natural Resources who also happens to be the new man, refused to discuss the status in his recent election campaign after several weeks of "so-so" country overcast, and on the night of his victory party last month in Kenosha, as townfolk gathered onto the Knights of Columbus hall to choose "For the hell of god follow" he was called a reporter, "I



## A BOY STABS HIS BROTHER AND LEAVES HIM TO DIE; A BABY FREEZES TO DEATH; A YOUTH SUDDENLY SHOOT'S HIS NEPHEW

don't talk about mercy. It's not my department." Which is odd since it was his department that based commercial fishing, located the tourist fish camps and two months before the election sent the reserve two fisheries and hand four families to cut some nearby clean lakes—a catch that even on a good day will barely feed the band.

Five years after the mercy was discovered as a health threat spilling out of Dryden—two years after a provincial task force on minority medicine took a dozen strong recommendations—the two 5700 reserves represented the first concrete action outside of some random and haphazard testing that the province had taken toward the Japanese war the month forced them into a show of concern. "It's bound to make you feel better," says Grassy Narrows chief Andy Keweenaw. "If this happened in Korea to the whole people there'd be some action. But the

government don't want to want to listen because it's just Indians."

Ever since the commercial fishing was shut down five years ago and the largest reserve lodge in the area voluntarily closed, leaving more than 100 native jobs out of work, Andy Keweenaw has watched the reserve turn from 950 employed to 850 unemployed, the annual welfare cheque cash from \$9,000 in 1969 to nearly \$160,000 this year. He has watched a career leap in from the bay and out away at the entire social fabric of the tiny band, leaving the reserve riddled with drinking, violence and alcohol problems. For the story of minority politics in northwestern Ontario is not just a story of how a people's health is threatened, but of how an entire way of life has been destroyed.

"Over there was pride," he says. "Five went out, caught fish brought a house. But when people weren't making their own things and started to get handouts, it changed their whole lives. It took the pride out of a man to go up there and ask for welfare. There was nothing to do. Nothing to look forward to. Then the drinking came." From 1970 to 1973, there have been nearly 200 native Indian deaths in the Kenora area, more than two thirds of them associated with alcohol and, although Grassy Narrows and Whitehead, the two minority-Indian reserves, have both found themselves dry they have the second and third highest totals. An 11-year-old waitress has

12-year-old brother in the leg and leaving him to bleed to death on the road. A 17-year-old suddenly whittling on his 16-year-old nephew in a drunken tory and pumping a bullet through him. The morning after a drinking party, an infant found frozen in the snow. The statistics at Grassy Narrows translate into living nightmares: "I blame it on mercy," says Andy Keweenaw. "It opens people don't want to cure any more."

For five years the band has asked for jobs or an industry. This year, for the first time, Indian Affairs is talking over plans for a reserve shoe factory or a clothing canoe works, although the latter is a project set in motion by a Quaker doctor at Grassy Narrows, Peter Newberry, out of his own money. But neither a defense nor could get under way before next year. "I think if people had a little more things to do they wouldn't eat the fish," says Andy Keweenaw. He sits in the small, dingy all-purpose front room of his house, whose floor is only an oil-spaced heater against the 40-below winters, a steel drum for water, a color tv over the fridge in the corner and a brand new shiny dresser. The only other real piece of furniture in the room is a worn black La-Z-Boy whose his old mother, who is just home from the hospital that morning after a stroke, rocks disconsolately in front of an empty crutch, stuffing Kleenexes into a tea can. The door screen has rotted away and a fly flutters around his head. He

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every moment. Both heard Andy Kerkow had gone to Minamata to see what mercury had done to human bodies and unborn babies and come back shaken—"a horror movie," they had both described it. But Tommy Kerkow had a special stake in the trip. Back home in his seat, model #13 house where the upside-down Canadian flag of the Warriors' Society hangs on the living room wall, his 16-year-old bride, Debbie, is expecting their first child next month. "I think I'll go crazy if something is wrong with Debbie or the baby," he says.

The meeting is in Gijbway, quiet almost monotone, but the tension simmers easily. There is criticism of the chef's station. "We have used and done nothing for too long," says the 23-year-old counselor, Steve Fehsler, who is leading it. "It's about time we stood up for ourselves." Hours later, after the whites have left the meeting, Andy Kerkow emerges, upset and signs a paper relinquishing his powers. He had looked forward to welcoming the Japanese to the reunion, but now he would not do it. "They fired me," he said. "The young people—they figure I'm too old. They want to shake things up."

In the Great Narrows rec hall where a trio of Japanese visitors from Minamata have come playing their own plane fare to Canada to visit all the horrors of mercury poisoning, Matthew Weaver slips quietly into a back row seat. It is several days later and the banquet of wild rice and fresh moose meat is over. He watches stunned as Douglas Hamamoto, the 39-year-old leader and former labor union struggle to stand his crippled legs buckling under him, his body wounded by tremors, his shaking hands leaning on a cane and a friend as he says, "I do not want the people here to be poisoned by mercury, and I am having a body like mine." The Japanese tell him the sickness came in Minamata as long as 13 years after some people had stopped eating the fish. They will show him the symptoms have come in it too late. For the brain damage has already been done. They show him of Hamamoto's old father who was struck down suddenly one day with convulsions, dying nine days later a lingering virtual death. Pictures of hollow-eyed children born with multiple limbs, heads with lesions like grapes and hands like claws. When the lights go up, Matthew Weaver is shaken. "It's frightening now," he says. "That's what I saw really wanting for—some evidence to see what the mercury could do. I don't think I'll cut the link now either. I'm starving. I don't know if I'll go back work



**Kerkow under the Gijbway Warriors' Society flag. He's turned to guns once before**

ing on the river now."

But mixed with the shock, there is another mood too in the hall. Hamamoto has told them how it was 20 years ago in Minamata—the doctors saying the sickness was nothing, probably the result of drinking, the disbelieving people still eating the fish, the government and anti-pollution Chisso corporation more and unresponsive to the poor ill-educated fishermen. "The industry felt we were like animals. We had to stand up on our own or nothing would have been done," he says. The film has shown the people of Minamata morning Chisso, from which they eventually wrangled more than \$54-million in damages. Hamamoto has presented the Indians with a book poster like the one the Japanese used in their demonstration and urged them to fight. Although only that

week Indian Affairs had finally agreed to launch a feasibility study into a suit against Chisso, a ripple of grim determination sets among the young people in the room. "We have been given the opportunity to look into our future," says Tommy Kerkow with a steady gaze. "And whatever happens in the future I believe the government and the polluter should be held responsible. Genocide is what I call it. And what has to happen? Do 300 of us Indians have to die before something is done?" It is just midnight but outside the children are running wild in packs under the moonlight streaming across the road with torches flared around their brows like headbonds. They whoop and holler and hammer on a steel garbage barrel. In the darkness across the distance, it sounds like the toll of a distant angry drum.



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# The nastiest Tory of them all

WHO IS TOM COSSITT AND WHY IS HE ALWAYS SAYING THOSE TERRIBLE THINGS ABOUT PIERRE TRUDEAU?

By Michael Enright

Bydoville, where party politics is in the blood, backs up from the St. Lawrence River, halfway between Kingston and Cornwall. It is a place of regal old homes, United Empire Loyalist traditions and old money. There was a time in Bydoville when you could look at a man's name and tell whether he suited Liberal or Conservative or stayed at home. It is the site of the first Loyal Orange Lodge in North America. People say it is a quiet and comfortable place to raise children.

At the end of Grande Street, about 10 acres of lush woodland, is a grandiose neo-classic house named purple. Putting it purple was the idea of Anne, wife of Tom Cossitt, the Conservative Member for Leeds in the House of Commons. Anne Cossitt is a strong-willed and pepper-blond who took around in a silver, 1974 Stangery and who dotes on her husband lovingly. She is a social, outgoing and funny as he is a suspicious, reticent and stern.

Tom Cossitt has forged a national reputation as parliament's leading Trudeau buster. His almost daily eruptions about the Prime Minister's lifestyle, the so-called money in the PM's Swiss Drive retirement plan and Jamaica vacations have made him the third best known Tory in Canada, behind John Diefenbaker and Robert Stanfield. He has been called a bigot for his opposition to the Official Languages Act and has embarked on a campaign to strip the Conservatives of Official Languages. Keith Spicer. He has been in-

cluded a vicious snarper for berating the Prime Minister during the daily question period. He has been described in the press as a McCarthyist and a buffoon. Seen as a traitor by his former colleagues, the Liberals, he is something of a Canadian Bligh to clerics of his own party (When Claude Wagner, the Quebec Tory and potential leadership candidate was approached for a comment on Cossitt, Wagner's secretary responded seriously: "Oh, it's very, very delicate. I don't think he would comment on Mr. Cossitt. It's very touchy, don't you think?").

But Tom Cossitt's image, as a tough, honest, working political evangelist, has mitigated his impudence and softened his range of violence well beyond the boundary of Leeds County. He is the voice of the angry and the frustrated, asking the questions and provoking the confrontations that they would, given the choice. People who want to return to the notion of newspapers, people who fought wars for Canada, paid their taxes, bought houses, raised families, went to school, watched hockey games, drank a little rum, played bingo, loved John Diefenbaker and stood up for the Queen. In 1973 their anger has caught up with these realities. They pay higher taxes, have less security and see murderers walking the streets. So they wrote to Tom Cossitt. Or they wrote to their own MP and say "Why can't you be more like Tom Cossitt?"

Cossitt's reputation as a man who is not afraid to stand up to Pierre Trudeau has given him something other politicians years far—contacts. Hidden people in the civil service, anxious to depose Trudeau, the clerks, high-ranking directors, have all gone in line with information damaging to the government. A government secretary phones him two or three times a month, anonymously, with valuable information. He has wide-ranging, accurate information within the system who find him safe. He checks out the information, then uses it openly, adding the facts with his Victorian sense of outrage. The message the Liberals no end. The Prime Minister offered to let Cossitt drive into his new pool—some time before the water was

added. He wonders from time to time if the Member for Leeds can outswim a shark.

The Member for Leeds doesn't laugh at these barbs. In fact he doesn't laugh at anything the Prime Minister has to say. He stands in his lonely and austere way, he avows the contempt of Trudeau and the Liberals. It serves to fuel his women, which is to probe and ridicule the character and conduct of the Prime Minister. "I know what they think of me," he says, "but I'm going to keep at them."

Very few people know what to think of Tom Cossitt when he arrived in Ottawa after the 1972 election. After all, here he was, a lifelong Liberal sitting on the Opposition benches with the Conservatives, a stranger in his own party. He kept to himself, rarely attended the Conservatives' Wednesday caucus meetings and eschewed the diplomatic cocktail receptions. During his first term, his circle of friends was limited to near-mute Stan Durkin from Peary Sound-Nunavut and one or two others. He served on a remote relationship with Robert Stanfield.

Each day at question period, he would go to another series of question-embarrassing to the Prime Minister. What is the latest bill on Swiss Drive? What gifts had the Prime Minister or his family or his ministers received from foreign dignitaries? When will the government increase Igor Gouzenko's pension? And always: Who appointed to the Right Honourable Member's insurance? What gifts had the Prime Minister or his family or his ministers received from foreign dignitaries? When will the government increase Igor Gouzenko's pension? And always: Who appointed to the Right Honourable Member's insurance? What gifts had the Prime Minister or his family or his ministers received from foreign dignitaries?

Now, three years later, Cossitt is more a known quantity, perceived as a man following with the desire to depose Pierre Trudeau. While many admire his courage, few credit his own party, especially the two

Tom and Anne Cossitt, the odd couple who splits about in a Stangery, while he grumbles about Trudeau's Biggie life



WILL TOM COSSITT BE THE NEXT TRUDEAU? NO, BUT HE'S ALWAYS BEEN THE NEXT TRUDEAU. BY MICHAEL ENRIGHT

APR 1

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son Sean O'Sullivan, the young Conservative MP from Banulien, got to know Coslett well following last year's election. "I would say this about him: first, he's got more guts than 95% of the members in the House and second, he should be shaking with larger sizes. The penny hasn't given him any responsibilities, so shadow cabinet duties, for instance," O'Sullivan would like to see the following factors of the Conservative: decency, less resignation at Coslett. "I agree when he gets up on his feet some of the so-called and Tories show visible disdain. You expect that from the Liberal but when it comes from your own side it becomes quite rude."

Coslett takes such affairs with Tanqueray-like equanimity. "After all, I didn't come here to win any popularity contests."

A first impression registers that Tom Coslett is a man of severe disposition. Physically, he is unimpressive. He has a rubber face, with a prominent nose and heavy beard line. His expression is flat as a politician's chemistry teacher or a man with a perpetual catface. He has laugh lines around his eyes which are framed in black horn-rims. The black hair is combed straight back over the ears and brought back and to the right on top. His sideburns are greying. The voice has a medium pitched but no drone. His most startling expression is a dumb nod, just like a nod.

He was born in Brockville where his grandfather had run a firm implements business. The factory burned down at the turn of the century. The family went into the insurance business. Coslett turned out to be a reporter. He worked for the local paper and during his university days, wrote some jobs at the Toronto Star. "I can remember the first day I was there. Jim Knappling, the managing editor, took me under his wing. Something you want to remember about him, too, there are three things of importance in the order: the Toronto Star, the Liberal Party and Jesus Christ." And he was only half-joking. "In Coslett there was a burning search for a political ideology. In an unorthodox way, he joined the Toronto Liberal and left club. He took a degree in political science and afterwards went to Harvard for studies at Leskin University."

Returning to Canada, he was admitted to teaching for a career. He was attracted by journalism and became a reporter, but he had no mad-up his mind. Then his father, Edwin, became ill and Coslett went home to Brockville to see if he wanted to start the family insurance business. It turned out he liked insurance and the idea of living in Brockville. He became involved in Liberal politics. The business provided him with the contacts he needed for Tories with the insurance.

Traditionally the riding of Leeds was Conservative country, particularly the rural areas west and north of Brockville. To win the riding, a Liberal had to take the

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influence of a transverse clique of dis-  
genuine radicals.

A Liberal who did so quit that Saturday  
night is Duncan Fraser. Born in Montreal,  
Fraser went to McGill and Dalhousie Uni-  
versity Law School. His father was a Law-  
sonian-Governor of Nova Scotia and his  
brother, Allan, is Clerk of the House of  
Commons. "Conrad had been planning to  
quit the party a long time before the Sat-  
urday night thing. He was able to maintain  
his ego to make it look like everybody hated  
Trudeau. He's very clever at things like  
that."

Fraser abhors Conrad and the things he  
stands for, but he is not short of calling him a  
man. "He's got a big ego and he's not soft  
French. But Trudeau's smart enough to know  
there are a significant number of people  
who hold those views and he exploits and  
amplifies those feelings. He really has no  
ideology. You can't call him right-wing or  
left-wing because he doesn't fit. He has no  
clear political principles."

It is true that Conrad doesn't operate  
from a fixed political axis, but he has an in-  
cumbent sense of a good cause. For example,  
his first question in the House of Commons  
was about the release from a Cuban jail of  
Renald Loppert, a Canadian who was ar-  
rested in Cuba for moonlighting as a con-  
gressman. Conrad pleaded for govern-  
ment intervention in Loppert's 30-year sen-  
tence. The Liberal front benches agreed  
him, and one day when his motion was  
seriously considered to because some  
Liberal forgot to call "No." Six days later  
Loppert was released.

And to the consternation of his members,  
Conrad is sometimes right. There is, for in-  
stance, no reason why the Prime Minister  
should not make public the names of the  
men who gave him that informal swimming  
pool. He was correct in complaining that  
Trudeau's great friend, Mahood Pridmore,  
newly appointed Clerk of the Privy Coun-  
cil, should be called to testify before a par-  
liamentary committee. He was friends by  
breaking rocks with the party and voting  
against a pay raise for him.

But the talk assembly gets back to  
Trudeau. "Look at the man," says Conrad.  
"Just look at him. He's like a kid. He loves  
power and when he climbs into that  
\$76,000 car it's like he says to himself, 'It's  
all really mine.' He loves it and he'll follow  
any policy, any course that'll keep him in  
power. He's living like an emperor up  
there on Sussex with all that furniture, the  
sabbies and the Hoppeworth console and  
the super Versa Mappa, whatever she's  
called it, and he forgets it's all our money.  
The Liberal Party has moved to P. E.  
Trudeau and moved to wherever P. E.  
Trudeau wants to take it from one day to  
the next."

While carrying on his daily dogfight  
with Trudeau with one hand, Conrad is  
trying with the other to reform the Con-  
servative Party through the shadowy  
mechanism known as the Citizens' Club.

## "What I learned at my music lesson."



Sun Life Representative  
Ken Cassis talks about his former  
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and entertainer. I organized  
a band, selected music  
and acted both as master  
of ceremonies and musi-  
cian. I loved it.

"A musician not only  
sees people who are  
searching for a way to relax  
from the  
pressures of modern  
life, he has part

of the remedy, his  
own talent, his music.

"I was able to build a  
little fun and excitement  
into many lives and I found it  
very fulfilling. Then my father  
suddenly died. And I was forced to  
reassess my own future.

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supply peace of mind.

"The drums come out on the occasional  
weekend, but my daily music is concerned  
with tomorrow."

Ken Cassis has a spirited interest in his  
fellow man. It springs from insight, from  
his constant observation of people. It is a  
need to help. This spirit we at Sun Life  
actively seek out because it is the mark of  
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set. Last January a group of Tories and "concerned Canadians" met in a Toronto airport hotel to talk about ways of changing the Conservative Party. At the meeting were Condit, Sean O'Saile, importer Tory businessmen and even some powerful Liberal businessmen. They shared fear was that the party was drifting under the lame duck leadership of Sturges and that the next leader had to reverse the Tories to the Old Values. "The party has gone too far with the Liberal misadventure. Most of the party now are supported the telegraphers' resolution, because they thought if they didn't it would cost us in Quebec. Well, that's so way to win the thing. I also have very good feelings about (Dutton) Camp and company and the effect of these people on the party. I don't think anyone in a back room should be controlling the performance in the House."

Talking about politics, Condit tends, against his doctor's order, to get excited. Last July after lunch he suffered severe pains in his chest and abdomen. He was rushed to the nearest west end of Kingston hospital where his ailment was diagnosed as a heart attack brought about by overexertion. So he spent the summer months sitting quietly in his bed and watching day after day news and reading. He quit smoking in 1987. Most of his days at home is devoted to his collection of early Canadian glass. The cupboards of his study are jammed with 100-year-old goblets and wine glasses. He reads books about the Kennedy family, watches a lot of television and likes only movies directed by Alfred Hitchcock. He has immense respect for former prime minister John Diefenbaker. "He was the first one to call me after my maiden speech. Dief was shockingly friendly to the party, but then the Conservatives have a way of caring up their leaders."

Condit has publicly refrained from endorsing anyone for the Tory leadership. He will wait until the convention in February. A few people have suggested he run, but he won't listen to the idea. "The new man should be someone who is strong in the House of Commons. The idea of going with a provincial premier hasn't worked. Look at Drew and Bracken and Blairfield. Whenever their candidate is in the house is going to have to pass a rigorous examination by Condit and the Chateau Cabinet. It's got to make sense because it holds up for luncheon meetings at the Chateau Laurier. Some people in the party who are defeated Tories who yearn for a restoration of sharply etched conservative principles may look to Condit for their cues. As one longtime friend put it, "Tim is considered the champion of Anglo-Canada. He's the one bloody voice in Canada to stand up for English Canadians."

Tim Condit cherishes the thought, as he sits there in his purple house in old Brockville, waiting for another chance to ask the Prime Minister about his swimming pool.

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# The selling of the ex-President

NIXON HEARS HIS COUNTRY CALLING AND PREPARES TO RETURN IN TRIUMPH

By Charles Foley and William Scoobie

The guard box behind the high, locked gates of the Casa Pacifica—House of Peace—is empty, but since the assumption of President Ford's life protection has been quietly heightened. More than 30 Secret Service agents add-dress through the lushly tropical grounds of Richard Milhous Nixon's San Clemente estate. Others, indoors, watch closed-circuit screens that signal the approach of strangers. At least a day ahead of the electronically monitored closer the former West-

ern White House is a ghost of its former self. Changes of words near the overgrown golf course, a gift from a now-defunct discoe calling itself "The 76 Gelling Friends of the President." Most of Mrs. Nixon's new team have been uprooted and grown away. There is no one to call for them.

And yet, more and more visitors to the Nixon's spacious, 10-room Spanish villa come away reporting a new mood of teasing optimism and hope as "Elba West." Little more than a year after his catastrophic fall from power and near-fatal illness, the 60-year-old former chief executive is on what friends call "the comeback road." The selling of Richard Nixon as an Elder Statesman has now begun.

A string of telephone calls is going out to powerful Republicans as the battle for the party's 1976 Presidential nomination warms up. Nixon has been on the line to scores of old workers from such major offices as Mrs. Margaret Brock, a longtime activist with influence inside the party's California arm, to Republican politicos such as Senator Barry Goldwater, Senator Hugh Scott, and Howard Callaway, the Nixon-appointed Secretary of the Army who is now Jerry Ford's campaign manager. Nixon is trying to draw up support for the candidacy he chose to carry on his policies. The old war-horse, suffering the political air of 76, from his candidate may be an unstable, right-wing attack on President Ford's initiatives in the Middle East and elsewhere. Nixon wants his influential allies, not a gift to the Democrats and "would turn the attack back to ob-

ject and dangerous politicians." He has repeatedly called Ford to offer him on strategy. He is using his still considerable influence within the party's third-setting California wing, torn between Ford and Ronald Reagan for the nomination.

Another flow of visitors brings a park to his door. Even the ambitious Senator Charles Percy, a liberal Republican who clearly wants to be President, has paid a courtesy call. So have those celebrated Nixon protégés Henry Kissinger and General Al Haig, with supreme commander in Europe. "I'm 80% myself again," Nixon says when they appear about the politics than had him low last winter.

The Nixons now emerge frequently from their seclusion. Not long ago, at a favored eatery—a rather awful tourist restaurant near San Clemente called El Adobe—they gave a birthday party for Colonel Jack Bowman, who heads the President's personal staff of five. He had just sacrificed his Marine Corps career (and pension) to take on the job. It was Bowman who introduced Nixon to the Marine Corps golf course 10 minutes from Casa Pacifica where they often play the 9th hole, or walk together on the privileged military beach below. Sometimes Nixon stokes a few tourist hotels, or puts a signpost earlier on the shoulder for game cameras. He's also been posing for a former White House photographer, who says he's "getting bushy-tailed again."

Nixon's most poignant contact with the outer world came last last summer. It was a painful confrontation on the issue that today concerns him above all else: his claim on the 800 tapes and 42 million documents—enough to fill three railroad boxcars—that were accumulated during his 30 years' presidency. Del's handful of special protection and White House staff have dipped into the boxes: now it's their custody. An indignant Congress last year overruled President Ford's decision to turn everything over to Nixon. Instead, a law was passed making it "U.S. property." Like a gambler doubling his stake, Nixon is spending a fortune (\$500,000 so far, and no end in sight) in legal fees on a series of challenges to this act. It is, he claims, "passive and unconstitutional."

The latest round in the struggle brought

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1976

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In a time of crisis, the executive game, a week President will follow and a troubled nation will turn again to Richard Nixon.

a band of hostile lawyers in San Clemente to hear a deposition from then-President Nixon, on his attorney's advice, he refused to answer direct questions. "That means the post-although?" he snapped at a questioner who thought copies of the material might satisfy the ex-President. "In my view, the principle of confidentiality, which I know is not in vogue these days, is indispensable for good decisions. I shall retire, and Congress, I shall defend myself as can be made public."

It is the tapes on the documents that Nixon wants to pick over in privacy. Even his closest associates can have only a fugitive impression of the contents of this elec-

tronic Pandora's box. Merely to hear the tapes through it is said, would require two full years. Washington lawyer William Dahlstrom asked during his deposition how long the ex-President would need to review the recordings. Nixon responded tartly: "I can't tell you yet. Most of these aren't as audible as the one you played at that cocktail party." (It was Dahlstrom who played a subsequent tape at a 1973 Washington reception.)

The tapes, now in the White House vaults, have yet to go on the cocktail circuit, but already there have been tantalizing leaks. Among the outcries of Nixon's in-

vestigators, Spiro Agnew, congressional leader of both parties and Judge John Siragusa referred to as "that way". Others exclude opponents to the Supreme Court who had "let him down"—and who will now have the last word on the tape.

Some of Nixon's indiscretions as his chosen field of foreign affairs are already well known ("I don't give a shit for the Iraq"), but the tapes also confirm President's judgments on Edward Heath, Harold Wilson and the late Georges Pompidou that will raise eyebrows in the chancelleries of Europe. Nor does Pierre Trudeau, for whom Nixon contrived a warm dispute, escape. There is a derogatory reference to the Prime Minister in the Watergate period tapes, and there is more on earlier recordings said to be transcribed. There exists a complete record of Nixon's discussions with his palace guard about preparations and strategy for the Presidential visit to Ottawa in 1972. At the time, Nixon was furious with Trudeau for making an 11,000-mile goodwill tour of the west and openly criticizing U.S. policy in Mexico. His public knowledge that Nixon and his staff were dabbling ways of getting back at Canada, his charge book politics, he said John Connally, then treasury secretary, agreed to ship a suitcase (over Trudeau's protests) on imports from Canada and other foreign goods. There were also plans to offer his

Here at work in "Silva West", preparing for the day when the spirit box is used

thanks to U.S. subcommittee that he Canada's economy by relocating south of the border. Connally, of course, had no idea his words were being recorded.

Small wonder that Nixon is fighting like a tiger to regain control of this "radioactive" material, as one of his former aides described it. But trouble of another sort lies ahead in coming books on the Nixon years: one of them, *Watergate: The Secret* by Simon & Schuster in November) will charge that Camp David, the Presidential retreat, "had all the dirty secrets." So, says, Bob Haldeman told her husband when he went there to write his obituary report on Watergate for Nixon, Mr. Dean, who was invited along, soon there was a premonition on July 24 he was a day.

Nixon's own enemies are still at least a year from publication. In them, he will try to reconcile his conviction that he was guilty of nothing more than "mistaken and honest judgment" with the real state of the tapes which show clearly that there was obstruction of justice, concealment of felonies, interference with the Watergate investigations, and condemnation of hundreds of participants. The first 100 pages of the memoirs are due within the next few weeks at the Beverly Hills office of his agent, Irving "Sandy" Lantz. They include a preface touching on Watergate that forgoes White House speech-writer Raymond Price, one of the few to read the transcript, calls "quite satisfactory with some

very good analytical interpretation." Conceding chronologically through his career, Nixon is now deep in the 1950s. What will probably be the first of two volumes is scheduled for publication late in 1976 when next year's Presidential elections are over. Later says Nixon will easily make \$2.5 million from the completed book. Already his publisher, Warner Paperback Library, has paid some \$400,000 for the year's one. Nixon rises every day at 7:30 a.m., breakfasts on whole grains and molasses, then looks through the newspapers before leaving by country-yellow golf cart for his small, prefabricated office in the Great Grand

complex adjoining his house. He tries to put in six hours a day on the memoirs, rising frequently to exercise his left leg—still slightly swollen from phlebitis—by walking about his study. He takes a daily aspirin against pain, and with friends that he may have to sleep on analgesics for years. A half-hour swim at the end of the day's work is followed by an evening drink and that with the small court at San Clemente, which includes his servants, Marlene and First Sanchez. Cuban refugees who took a cut in pay earlier this year (but have not left their master's service). After dinner with the Nixon, and sometimes daughter Julie, they watch television. Now that his health



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Here at work in "Silva West", preparing for the day when the spirit box is used

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Venture 3000 Actual size

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The 3000 has a slim, pleasing design and handsome black and gold-plated finish that speaks of true value for the money. Its ignition system is also a tiny Pro-Crystal that gives years of reliable, economical lights.

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space, but soon on who can fish off the coast of Newfoundland.

"The US is not a world government," says external affairs minister Allan Rock. "But the US, Canada's UN ambassador, adds: "If the major powers do not choose to use the UN, then it is not a world government." "If country X decides it wants to do something on its own, this body may not be able to do much about it." Since 1945, we seemed to have developed a world full of country Xs.

When the charter was being planned World War II was in its final throes, and

the notion of an agency charged with keeping peace, and able to do so, seemed attractive. But soon the cold war had broken out, the veto power in Security Council votes was being used to freeze international action and power blocs were hand-picked at the edge. In 1948, Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent complained: "We are fully aware of the inadequacy of the United Nations, the poorest institution to provide the status of the world with the security they require... It is possible for the free nations of the world to form their own closer association for collective self-defence."

That "closer association" turned out to be the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, which was followed by the Warsaw Pact. Since the world was dominated by blocs, peace, alliances and economic communities, all lined up into opposing camps, all exercising independent policies, all obedient to the ruling functions of the UN. As power shifted from the center to the periphery, there was even talk of power there. It became normal to bypass the UN on major issues, including the crises of peace and war. Tides of revision, of starvation, of repression, were brought to New York and passed out before the assembly, not in the belief that the quarter would be reduced—who could believe, after Hungary and Russia and Bangladesh and Vietnam?—but to register a complaint. If the UN could not be a policeman, it could be at least a talker.

In fact, because of a humanitarian conviction: "If there were no UN," said a senior official of the Secretariat, "it would be necessary to invent one." The UN provides a debating forum (with certain subjects taboo), a meeting place, a common language. Next year, there will be about 10,000 meetings held under UN auspices in New York, Geneva, Vienna and other regional centers around the world. That is a powerful amount of talking, but what will be the result? Probable, agreement to hold 11,000 meetings in 1977.

Never mind, say its supporters, the real hope for the UN lies in the emergence of the "new majority." With the dissolution of Africa—in which the UN played a strong supporting role—and the formation of the Arab League power bloc, control of the assembly (though not the Security Council) has passed to the Group of 77, a shifting alliance of developing countries that can count anywhere from 102 to 119 nations (if the UN can't even count, how can it run the world?). Each country has an assembly vote, so that Qatar, population 115,000, and Red China, population 800 million, have an equal say in the parliament of the UN. One result is that the demands of the emerging peoples are given more prominence. Another is that it is harder and harder to make the assembly seriously discuss the Area of Uganda really represent the best hope of mankind? What are his credentials anyway? Or the two study before that the massive, sustainable condition of new leaders—most of whom have told us how much they hate us and all we stand for—are worthy contenders of our future?

When I put this to a top UN official, he replied, "Ah, but was Canada ready to announce a world role in 1947? No, it was not. Now it is allowed to. Our appointment in foreign policy based decision. For the new nations, it has members. Perhaps that is both desirable and just, but it makes the rich and established nations—making Canada—newcomers and outsiders the actual leadership to support the UN, which we agree with it and to say to itself with a whimper, we don't."

Last year, the new majority contained through a budgetary reallocation for a new economic order in the world. The debate was better, better and more. That fall, the subject was treated again, in a more consultative mood, in the seventh special session, and at the end of 36 days of formal but reasoned debate, a resolution was passed in an "increasingly economic confidence" in the world. The passage of that resolution, and the control between last year's sniping and bawling and this year's intelligent debate, produced a mood of euphoria in the Secretariat in New York. "At last," said a senior UN official, "we have had a breakthrough. We are committed. The UN is working."

Perhaps he is right, although it is hard to hear in the windy phrases of that 16-page resolution, the benefits of a bright new dawn, or to accept, on the face of the faculty of so many previous UN resolutions, that this can be made to work. For, if the UN has been less than successful, the fault appears to be not in its structure, charter or language, but in the lack of talent—its has talent to spare—but in the fact that none of its members have put enough into it to make it work—in money, in ideas, in energy, in commitment.

Canada is one of the foremost members of the UN. We provide 3.18% of its general budget. We are eighth on the list of contributions, just behind Italy. We are also generous in our support of the special agencies, social and economic programs and peace-keeping. But our total contributions to the UN, from its founding, come to more than \$630 million, less than one half of 1% of this year's gross national product. The general budget for the UN in 1974-75, \$600 million, is about one-fifth of what the Ontario Ministry of Health spends annually. Our permanent mission to the UN in New York consists of 14 officers, and we have another 11 stationed in Geneva. You could run the whole thing with 100 guys.

By contrast, Canada will be shovelling out \$742 million this year alone in official development assistance, mostly through the Canadian International Development Agency. External Affairs Minister Macdonald's explanation is that "we still have national objectives and our foreign policy reflects them." Much of our bilateral aid is tied to trade agreements, much of our food aid is tied to help our grain farmers (we're well in our starving neighbors' much of our technical aid provides more jobs in Canada than overseas. [For example, our ballet and in 1974-75 comes to \$3.9 million while we are exporting \$1.5 billion worth of goods for sale to the Asian markets.] We can get cash or credit or glory by technical aid with strings attached rather than during the aid vote to the UN, who might squander it on the underfunding and wreck our balance of trade.

Like any other nation, Canada is more interested in supporting the UN than in making it. In fact, at the Row of the 50th Conference where Canada has been hold-

#### Canada's Contribution to The UN, 1945 to end of 1974

Canada's total contributions to the UN from its founding represent less than one half of 1% of this year's Gross National Product, or about 22% of this year's federal government activities.

Regular UN Budget		\$76,183,000
1 Peace-keeping		\$1,387,000
2 Technical Assistance		
3 Humanitarian Relief	\$ 5,610,000	
4 Cyprus, 1964-present	1,187,000	
5 UN Special Account 1960-65	21,200,000	
6 UN Relief for Laos 1973-present	4,267,000	
	654,000	
<b>UN Social &amp; Economic Programs</b>		<b>436,181,000</b>
1 UN Development Program	114,271,000	
2 Special Fund	25,378,000	
3 Technical Assistance	26,276,000	
4 Refugee	261,462,000	
5 UNICEF	37,875,000	
6 Relief and Works Agency	68,253,000	
7 Training and Research Institute	548,000	
8 Education, Training, South Africa	208,000	
9 World Food Program	127,613,000	
10 Emergency Relief Assistance	2,652,000	
11 Cereals and	4,448,000	
12 Racial Discrimination Committee	8,000	
13 Trust Fund for South Africa	10,000	
14 Drug Abuse Control Fund	550,000	
15 Miscellaneous	16,616,000	
16 Secretariat	1,804,000	
<b>UN Agencies, Organizations and Unions</b>		<b>190,880,000</b>
1 International Labor	15,376,000	
2 Food and Agriculture	20,274,000	
3 World Health	28,079,000	
4 UNESCO	17,673,000	
5 International Civil Aviation	5,732,000	
6 Intergovernmental Maritime	225,000	
7 International Telecommunications	3,588,000	
8 World Meteorological	868,000	
9 Universal Postal Union	144,000	
10 International Atomic Energy	5,234,000	
11 GATT	2,488,000	
12 Miscellaneous	92,000	
<b>UN Association in Canada</b>		<b>373,000</b>
		<b>\$54,838,000</b>

# The Icebreaker



## Meaghers Deluxe Ultra Dry

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THEODORE BIKEL, PINCHAS ZUCK  
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ADENS, GARY KARR, BORIS BRO  
VERDY, I MUSICI, THE ORFORD S  
GLENN GOULD, COLETTE BOKY,  
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ing out for control of an economic zone reaching south and south of Antigua (the Atlantic) and to help with the poor nations who think benefits beyond a coastal zone should be shared. We argued that it was in the world's interest for us to give even more. Or, in the jargon of our experts, "self-interest requires the betterment of Canada and it implies a world order which is favorable to or compatible with such betterment. The premisses of supposed self-interest forces the players in which government objectives are pursued." The follow-up of an earlier age would have recognized the argument although they weren't much for the fixing of places. It is the old "trickle down" theory of Victorian economics in the sub-gilt-twelve quality of crumbs dropping off the table to the lower echelons of society with each passing year. And Canada is always has been one of the good guys at the UN.

There are given thoughts for a thirteen birthday party (thirteen birthdays are often to avoid), but it seems clear that self-interest has always taken precedence over world interest at the UN. Perhaps there are changes on shore. Perhaps, as our Canadian has worked with the UN off and on since the heady days of its first meeting in San Francisco says: "There is a lot of movement under the surface. More and more subjects are being brought here for discussion. Things that might have caused a war some time ago now cause a distant interest. Procedures are being installed, regulations are being set up. We're not going to abolish war or poverty overnight, but maybe over the years, we'll lead a noble three to do it."

Perhaps it seems just as possible, however, that it is the UN that is being nibbled to death. After all, there doesn't appear to

be much time for the world's problems in resources, energy, development, pollution, population, poverty and war—seem to have a faster growth rate than our solutions and to more often we have insignificant signs of an orderly balance with little money and low down. We want to rebuild the world with Plutonium and a tank hammer and we are unhappy because the job is taking some time.

One alternative is to step up our commitment to the UN, to give it a chance to function. In theory, that is an attractive response but it raises the vexing issue of whether we believe the new majority is any smarter or more trustworthy than the old one. In theory, we are all for more equal sharing of power and resources, but what will we do if the assembly throws barrel oil or demands more open integration policies or insists that we share the land we have with others who have none? Are we willing even to face these questions, much less to leave the answering footprints?

The other alternative is to back off, not by quitting the UN, but by going our own way outside it. Give money, but not votes. Pick the real subjects, but go about our own business.

Our tendency is to talk in terms of the first alternative and to act in terms of the second. Canada expressed great reservations about the New International Economic Order when it was being discussed in 1974, then worked hard to make the special session work in 1975. We are often pleasantly pleased with the results and committed to more equal sharing. We are also standing firm on the law of the sea. We are, as always, all for the United Nations, but no closer than ever to trusting it with real power. And the hell of it is—who knows if that's a good thing or bad?

# DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT YOUR CAR MIGHT PANIC IN A CRISIS?

The 1975 Volvo 240 series was planned with the unexpected in mind. Because, while it's human to err, driving errors can be fatal. Volvos are designed to compensate.

Jamming on the brakes may make them work too well. When a car stops fast, its weight shifts forward. The rear wheels tend to lock before the front ones. This can cause a skid.

Volvo's 4-wheel power disc brake system has a pressure-proportioning valve on each rear brake line. It minimizes premature rear wheel lock-up, and helps keep you on the straight and narrow.

Road debris could damage a brake line. So Volvo has two independent braking systems. Each works on three wheels—two front, one rear. (According to Volvo's math, you could lose 50% of your braking system, and have about 80% of its effectiveness left.)

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No matter how good your reflexes are, you have to rely on your car's reactions. And when it comes to avoiding accidents, Volvo thinks you can't go too far.

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People wading in the Middle East; up to 40 other were, too little and too late

# The Americanization of Araby

THEIR LEVYS STUFFED WITH PETRODOLLARS, THE ARABS ARE DISCOVERING THAT, YES, THEY REALLY WOULD RATHER HAVE A BUICK, AND THAT THINGS DO GO BETTER WITH COCA-COLA

By Andrew Borowiec

It might be called The Great Invasion. Its ubiquitous effects are so obvious in the first-class cabins of a Toronto-bound jet as they are on cereal aisles ponderously making accommodations for 1,000 miles away. The streets are startling and exotic. In Iran, dot-eyed women wear high-fitting jeans imported from Canada under flowing isopile chadors. In Iraq, Bedouins crowd in the dust peddling candy bars from the New World to hungry travelers. In Saudi Arabia, turbulent Yemenites circumambulate the bar-dotted chugging insurance racks as they try desperately to hear the latest pop lyric. In the Persian Gulf Emirates Arabs who had traditionally put their guests at ease by offering better coffee and handfuls of dates now rush into refrigerators and serve startled visitors chilled Pepsi or Coke. Everywhere in the Middle East, old customs and ancient traditions are being swept away by North America's most exportable commodity: its lifestyle.

But even here, where the world's newest money markets reside, imports are expensive. In Iraq, the current price of a three-year-old Chevrolet Impala is \$15,000. Dealers report that business is brisk despite the fact that purchasers know they are paying a 300% import tax on cars. New North American cars are in even greater demand: dock areas are regularly clogged as shipments of Detroit's latest offerings wait to be driven away by proud Arab owners. In a region of the world where mobility, convenience and comfort have never been a part of the folk lore, almost

any price will be paid for anything that is identified as Made in Canada or the United States.

Likewise, consumer demand across nations is rising as well. The Arab nations have found the modern equivalent of Aladdin's lamp—and used its collective wealth wishes each day due to the stringency of time: even the average Arab will be able to satisfy this insatiable urge to buy, to make up for lost time. Consumption is also being fueled by the young. Thousands of Arab and Iranian students have already returned from universities in Canada and the United States armed with diplomas and a taste for the North American way of life. This year, once more students from the Middle East will experience and no doubt enjoy the comforts of North American dormitory life.

But Colombia and Latin America: the more serious minds in the Middle East are anxious to import North American equipment, technology and know-how. The evidence is everywhere. In Saudi Arabian villages, Arab children troop to prefabricated schoolhouses imported from Canada. Across Iran's towering Alborz mountains, Canadian experts are currently supervising the construction of power transmission lines. Newly built apartments

Gems numbering on the desert sands, traffic slips on the caravan routes. Television and pop in the market, toilet paper at the bazaar for the Arab who has everything, a chance to partake of the Western world's stretched-a-pace



COURTESY OF THE U.S. ARMY PHOTOGRAPHIC CENTER



# GOLD RUSH

In recent weeks, a stridome of reports from varying and widely scattered areas of the country have reached this office all of which make reference to the discovery of Gold Crown rye whiskey. Claims have been made by innumerable persons as to the superior taste, flavor and mellowness of this five year old whiskey. To date, none of these claims have been disputed. Considerable effort was expended in checking out the validity of these reports pertaining to the discovery of Gold Crown, and now that paper can say without hesitation that we are witnessing a second gold rush.

It has now become apparent that the 'Gold' rush of this present day shall not only equal, but surpass in its far reaching that of an earlier time. Upon close examination of the facts it is evident that there are very distinct similarities between this second 'Gold' rush and the first. To begin with the gold related to this second rush is 'Gold Crown' rye whiskey from Carrington, product that has attributes not found in any other strain of gold. In any event, both ventures are highly treasured by the populace at large.

There is considerable evidence to suggest that a certain bordering nation has, by means of force, been attempting to remove from this land that most precious commodity, namely Gold Crown rye whiskey. It would appear that intention is to purvey and hoard Gold to the people of that country. Let it hereby be known that we will not tolerate any further attempts of this nature.

as Gold Crown is in great demand by the populace of Canada and shall ever remain exclusively their property. We are not adverse and, in fact, welcome the peoples of this bordering land to share in the smooth, pleasurable flavor of Gold Crown while visiting Canada, but we have no desire to see them purvey it in their own land.

It has been brought to our attention that a Mr. Thackerly Swane claims to have discovered Gold while visiting an acquaintance, Miss Erlish.

After Upon making known his discovery to numerous able friends, he was damaged to discover that none of them were already quite familiar with the unique qualities and pleasant taste of Gold.

Miss Erlish later would like to be known to all individuals, relatives and acquaintances of Mr. Thackerly Swane that from this moment on and they need not be calling on her any further as her supply of 'Gold' has now dwindled to a few precious drops which she wishes to savor for herself.

## Hear ye! Hear ye!

As to the recent rush on Carrington Gold Crown throughout the territories of Canada, it has been recommended that there may arise shortages of this highly favored whiskey. The duntler of this bottled gold, namely Carrington Distillers Limited, would like to state unequivocally that these reported shortages are totally fictitious in nature. And that stocks of Gold Crown are constantly being replenished in order to avoid a national disaster.



ictured above is a sample of the pure Carrington Gold Crown rye whiskey which is said to have perpetuated this second gold rush.



in Kuwait are an-conditioned by equipment imported from Montreal and Toronto. Saudi Arabia, the nation of the oil producers, is pouring \$144 billion into its economy over the next five years. Iraq, a non-Arab country and the second largest exporter of oil, is spending close to \$70 billion.

The increased prowess of North America has incited an appeal to the Arabs who for years relied on foreign talent for anything more complicated than the construction of a simple hothouse. "North America has a special, compelling appeal to the Arabs," explains George Cooley, one of Canada's bright young diplomats who served as the number two man at the Canadian Embassy in Cairo. "They are impressed not only by the technological achievements but also by the no-nonsense way in which North Americans do business."



Flash with swelled treasures, the Arab nations are looking to our shores for many of the engineers, architects and technicians needed by their burgeoning economies. Saudi Arabia has already announced its need to import 500,000 foreign workers to build its ambitious Al-Jadid. The foreign population of Iraq is growing at a rate of 10,000 a year. These people are having tremendous impact on the way of life and the values of the Arab world as they settle with their families in the fortified cities and towns of the Middle East.

France maintains the strongest cultural and economic foothold as its former North African colonies, but it is gradually being displaced by the more aggressive North American approach. Canadian trade missions are regular visitors now to all parts of the region and our commercial emissaries—planning everything from jewelry to heavy equipment—are stepping up their marketing and sales programs. The more welcome being extended to these visitors is due in part to the overwhelming desire of the Arabs and Iranians to learn, so someday take charge of their own technical development. Roy Sobel Kachach, the head of Intel's industrial planning, "I am sick of Arabs being poets and philosophers. I expect an technician more than 100 poets." The new technical practices are already in evidence. Middle Eastern universities are packed with students taking engineering and technician who, appropriately, give over North American textbooks. Even law, traditionally the most covered profession among the elite, is being passed over for courses in physics, computers and applied sciences.

If the new economic order in the Middle East holds promise for its teeming population, it is already blossoming to the rapidly growing and increasingly affluent executive class. No longer satisfied with sharpening expeditions to Beirut, an increasing number of Arab and Iranian managers regularly take jets to New York, Montreal and Toronto to get the up-to-date, learn the ways and, above all, to buy at the meek salons and boutiques.

Yet, the old ways are still very much a part of life in this region and the new technicians are anxious to adopt other aspects of the North American way: the urgency, the competitiveness and—most important—the profit motive. As one Iranian businessman remarked it, "We are already operating the latest model computers and oil refining equipment. In 10 years we should be able to teach westerners to repeat on time and get businessmen to drink tea coffee. Just give us time!"

Haggling over the price of a television set, discovering a desert ship that can go forward without water, finding a hotel has opening up in a countryside, as young Arab culture hounds from the North American universities, they bring with them not only a taste for the good life but the means to import it.

March 29, 1802.

Legendary Highwayman  
Tom Ruskin was unable to hold-up  
the London to Manchester stage  
because of rain.  
He kept dry with a Gordon's Gin.



Stay on the dry side  
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## People

Canadian heavyweight champion (if he is still champion — there's some argument about that) **George Chuvalo** is planning a comeback at the end of October. He hasn't lost his title in 18 months, and his weight is up around 260 and he's 38 years old, but he insists he can get down to 215 or 220 by October 30 and be on the card at Maple Leaf Gardens. There's one more problem: he doesn't know who he'll be fighting. Promoter Vince Rigato, who's running the card (which features Clyde Grier) offered \$2,000 to boxer "Pretty Boy" Feltous—who hasn't fought in a year and a-half—either—but Feltous demanded \$3,500. The only other Canadian inter-



From: she went out there a nobody, and came back a star

Until she stated that 45 minutes and pointed it at President Ronald Ford on September 5. **Lynette "Squonky" Fournier** was not one of the best-known siblings of the Charles Manson Family, but her actions have vaulted her above such "stars" as Tim Watson and Susan Atkins and given her equal billing with Charlie himself in a post-release documentary called *Manson*. The newspaper ad for the film, which was put together from actual footage by sometime actor Robert Froschinson. On it lived with the family for a few months on the Snake ranch on the day before and after the Tate-LaBianca killings) features a head-and-shoulders shot of Manson, and a scene of Fournier (wearing a silk cap) saying: "The girl who possessed the girl of the President."

Chuvalo: the bigger they are...

weight around is Paul "The Invincible" Nelson. Therein lies the problem that led to Chuvalo's clashes with the Canadian Boxing Federation: the club has stripped Chuvalo of his title for claiming it but because he hasn't defended it in two years. But Chuvalo hasn't defended it because there was nobody around to defend it against. In last two fights versus argonaut nobodies in the United States for prize money. Besides, he's mad as the cat, which he calls "a bunch of godless miscreants." For not helping him get a shot at the Canadian world title something he's been after for the past 18 years.

Wilbur Mills (star) is a blond go-go dancer from Florida named **Est. Putsch**. A few months ago her topless performance aboard the U.S. submarine *Finback* won the captain his job, and so early October she was banned in Boston. Putsch was hired by Wonder Muffler Company of New Jersey to demonstrate its product as a conversion of top dressers, said to provide a little extra insurance. Some of the dealers thought it would be more entertaining if the wear topless. So Putsch obliged. "Who could I do?" she said last, having been booted from the hall. "I'm in show business."

For five months the judge's wife-mother-of-five mixed with the hookers of Vancouver.

Amorci's newest sweetheart, supplanting Francine (of

Putsch was, that's what she was



Swiss) the Hwangga Strait community accepted her so quickly and so thoroughly, but guesses that her obvious over-enthusiasm for feminism was one thing but far as girls were concerned) and her non-judgmental attitudes—"for some of them it was the only way they could survive"—another.

Since the five can



Layton: those were no ladies

unover's Hwangga Strait, enduring endless queries about "What's next, girl like you." Now those questions are an-

swered and **Monique Layton** has become the source of all hell-breaking loose in the city. Using her status as an anthropologist PhD candidate to get police departments, the moved among the whores, peeps and homosexuals of the underworld and visited the massage parlor, cabarets and "baths." There she produced a report, which recommended, among other things, that prostitution be decriminalized, that changes be put on pumps coming in from the United States that house-keeper centers be established for homosexuals. Layton still isn't sure why the Hwangga Strait community accepted her so quickly and so thoroughly, but guesses that her obvious over-enthusiasm for feminism was one thing but far as girls were concerned) and her non-judgmental attitudes—"for some of them it was the only way they could survive"—another.

Since the five can



It's been a big year for **Gordon Blackie**. His book, *Wild Gordon Blackie Please Sir Down* was a hit. He was asked to officially open the Canadian National Exhibition. And the

Broccoli Entertainment Society gave him a Triun-style suit. Among the actors was Senator's old buddy and fellow painter on *Front Page Center*, former Bernie Goss. Bernson recalled there was a 13-year-old girl on the show and Senator went after her unmercifully, attacking her. Bernson realized, on exactly the wrong premises, for positions the naves took, the mentioned this to Senator after the show and the old man stated: "I know but the show was good!" Another time the guest was a cute, vanilla woman who just returned from 20 years in the Congo. "Keep her away from me!" Senator whispered, knowing what he might do. "Keep this one away from me," Bernson nodded, then asked her one question and said, "Now I want to turn you over to our singing religion expert, Mr. Gordon. Senator." Senator never finished. Bernson recalled, "I literally decided that now."

When Betty Ford told Marilyn Soffer on 60 Minutes last year, one of her children engaged in genital sex, or even ex-



Ford and Jagger, with family like Sean, who needs no intro?

promised with marijuana, the civiled a surprising response at the United States which rang from red-neck pro-pulp on television from the pulpit through condemn, resolution passed in Legion Hills, to

Without it, reality predicting that thanks to her, the country would soon term with broken homes, abortions and prostitutes. Then she followed up by saying the kids in sleep with her husband. More later. And then see Jack Ford, 23, announced that he had indeed smoked marijuana, and didn't think doing so was very exceptional for someone who had grown up on the Streets. (And enough the week before he appeared in public his arms wrapped around **Bessie Jagger**.) When Mrs. Ford made her first comment, her husband predicted only half-jokingly that it had cost him 20 million votes. The most current path show he has lost a lot of support, that only a minority of Americans would like to see him returned as president. Reagan is moving up fast on the right.

In a radio interview, **Steven Trout** admitted that back in 1979 when he dropped his own name in the race for the murder of Lynette Harper, he was given two as well as the usual truth serum, sodium pentothal. Trout, subject of



Trout: picture of innocence

new Canadian film, *Accomplices* for Mrs. (now Mrs. Nuss) in October) also told Brent Bennett of *CNN* in Toronto that he knew the real killer of Lynette Harper, though he couldn't prove it. Trout, released from prison six years ago, now lives in a small Ontario town under an assumed name, is married and has two children. He was 14 when he was involved of killing 13-year-old Harper and was sentenced to death, which made him a sane officer and the subject of two books. The sentence



Jag and Miller: do like he says, not like he does

was commuted to life in prison. Recently, Trout believes strongly in capital punishment "where there is a solid proof beyond any doubt." The *Travels* say they will tell the children who he really is when he's 12 or 13. His wife said that if he ever found out Trout did kill Lynette Harper, she'd leave him.

The legal competence of former White House counsel **John Dean** is under question again. Dean was boasting that he'd gone over the manuscript of wife Maureen's new book, *My A Woman's View*, on the Washington Post. "I was looking for points of view," but Nat Tulse, the *Star*'s & *Saturday* editor who's responsible for the book, says the fact is that lawyers have been, "familiarly and peacefully, the manuscript and she's more than a little concerned that the reviewer who received nationwide publicity may end up saying things that won't be in the final product."



Maureen Dean: a good lawyer?

**Brian Jorg**, whose *Four of Five* he has been called (and he was) as a headhunter book at the half of his own history has returned to New York from California, clanking the ropes? *For New York* (and he's in California) on a pilgrimage to sit at the feet of the guru of all sexual liberosians, **Henry Miller**. Miller, now 63, wrote *Notes of Brian* (1984) in his house in Britain and the United States is obscure for 27 years. In 1964, after three years of court battles, it was ruled not obscene by the U.S. Supreme Court. A decision which made *King* possible. Miller read the manuscript of her new novel, and commented, "Frendly. Even though it's too much for me."

Just two years ago, actor, writer and former pro footballer **James Stacy** was lying on a highway near Los Angeles, his left arm and leg severed. A car had rolled over him while he and a woman sat in a car. Stacy, who died instantly when fired, Steve McQueen (and other motorcycle) was found in the hospital May announced he planned to tackle every sport he could imagine and one-legged. Now he got out. "You should film it," McQueen said. There was a book for Stacy and he played the motion picture, a documentary of his comeback from the slings for the original fall during along with Jean-Claude Kilby and with doing with Jean-Michel Cornu.

## In the Ottawa of Silent Pierre, the rumor mills work overtime

Column by Robert Lewis

When Lester Pearson was prime minister in the 1960s he soon became so rumored at the way cabinet secretaries were being leaked to the press that he delivered a stern lecture to his colleagues on the need for confidentiality. The next day, reports of the supposedly secret meeting were published over newspaper front pages across the country, complete with quotes from Pearson's speech. One diplomat stationed in Ottawa at the time reported to his home government that Canada was "the only step of state which leads from the top."

Pierre Trudeau famously belated the release of cabinet secrets when he took over in 1968. "The only cabinet leak you get," he warned one friendly reporter, "I'll have your phone tapped by the wire." He denied rumors of secret meetings, insisting that they only called "informal" meetings with reporters. But he was in his office to consult with journalists even after hours in some instances, retained press members who refused to discuss anything more intimate than the time of day. "Mr. Trudeau," a reporter asked when he saw he emerged from an early cabinet meeting, "would you give us an outline of the meeting discussed this morning?" "No," Trudeau replied, and walked calmly away.

The Pearson government was joined by the press for its surveillance operations. The Trudeau government, on the other hand, is disliked by reporters because it releases hardly any information at all. The pecking position set down in a government study that staff was kept secret for a year in "When is too late, clearly?" Pierre O'Neil Trudeau's despised press secretary, was an indirect victim of the approach. Around the Prime Minister's press secretary was not O'Neil, nor knew anything, which nothing to answer Trudeau to the press. In fact, the former La Presse reporter was fully briefed on affairs of state, but never could report them—despite his constant lobby to do so.

The secret has spread to other forms of the bureaucracy. A recent point in lunch I had recently with a senior civil servant "What we need," he observed wistfully, "is not more big, more journalism." A few days later when I called the same official on a day in the department where he works his own person was a cut. "You won't get a word out of me. You cannot rely on the simple fact of this. You can't." The department, incidentally, was communications. And a back passage, never lying out the fact had already been prepared.

Government usage makes any per-

son's short-term health as a Minister designed for an open process, or even its importance. But they only encourage rumor mongering in proportions that go even to the government and help poor politics. It had more. In a partisan battle like the task, where lack of knowledge tends to obscure, and rumor and leak have become a vibrant part of the culture. The efforts are posed around like the country's political life as served at the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa and the Prime Minister's Office in the Prime Minister's Office. The only of state which leads from the top."

Some Trudeau supporters are properly nervous about constitutional problems with secrets of the Ottawa press corps. Trudeau on TV commentators, even on commentaries, is criticized in Canada as perhaps the most serious politician, to use a Trudeau term, has left little glory of history in the policy. "They'll pay for it when they need to be the next election." He was the recent view of one high-profile reporter. This effect the nation relies on support from outside, even managers of news, the politician's courage of departmental "cabinet relations" speaks the leaks and rumors. For people inside the capital, the leaked rumors are presented as that of an establishment that speaks a kind of Hallelujah.



The amazing portrait of Lester Pearson, and chosen up regularly—but in a place where only facts belong to the very few, it has to be made to make do

Leaks and rumors, of course, are not uniquely a post-Trudeau convention in Ottawa. Nor has the government's particular style the only cause. Everyone indulges in the sport. A revealing feature of the game is the glimpse of mind provided for the subject's spectators. John Turner has managed to maintain his rule on his resignation, a remarkably durable plan in the process that the ex-prime minister's agents are busy playing the linking game, relating a tale of mind provided for the subject's spectators. They talk about a desire to distance themselves from the scandal to keep Turner from leaving, about an accumulation of errors, ending in a "golden handshake" that sent Turner to the bench for his part. Some Trudeau supporters speak with a note of self-defense about the resignation, and the departure of the cabinet has been a political act of the kind.

On rare occasions, leaks have a firm basis in fact. A member of John Turner's staff, for example, once drew attention to the unexpected losing bid by defeated Tory candidate Ronald Richter for a party seat on the Ottawa West Conservative Association. The story appeared in the *Toronto Star*'s "people" column and served *Walter* (Pettit's) *Star* for the "Month" distinction. It is more than a rumor that the *Star* has not been charged by Richter.

Our retractions were operative, acknowledging the value of released leaks. "The process of feeding the rumor mill becomes a little an exercise," says Shadow Throat. "I used it trying to plant a story that is just well enough off the mark to allow responses to get the real story on their own." There are no established means for the release of leaks and gossip in Ottawa. They take place wherever the players happen to sit in one another. The fifth floor cafeteria in the Centre Block became a breach for men and reporters again with the reopening of parliament in the St. Lawrence area, a short-term shop on Confederation Square acquired some standing in early morning throb. But the place disappeared in the early Sixties.

Senior officials like to play down the significance of the rumor mill. A *Privy Council* source once argued that "leaks are very wasteful in terms of time, effort, energy and taxpayers' dollars." Along with the *Star* has often been dismissed as a "place where only facts belong to the very few, it has to be made to make do."

# Business

## WHY THEY PUSHED THE PANIC BUTTON

Throughout the week there were the unmistakable signs of crisis messaging—and being mistaken. Selected leaks to reporters served to move expectations of a major federal economic initiative. Officials worried forecasts in both government and the private sector were off target. The Prime Minister was called urgently to a Thanksgiving Day lunch at the Prime Minister's house which he and Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed's father with the Queen and Ontario Premier William Davis. Plans to dine up his summer cottage. On the eve of a two-day and by-the-numbers and the reopening of parliament. Pierre Trudeau arranged for a rare national television appearance that was by being and design, broke anything but Thanksgiving. The Friday was aimed at packaging a harsh economic program to deal with inflation and the erosion of public confidence in a government that has been working on flat feet. Finance Minister Donald Macdonald characterized the efforts to restrain wages and prices as "unprecedented in peacetime."

Despite an appearance of voluntarism, the new board of industrial councils on prices and wages would have the authority of an Act of Parliament introduced in the House of Commons. Backing up the formal mechanism was an elaborate public relations campaign and at last, a personal appeal by the Prime Minister. In addition, the government was preparing spending cuts that would be less onerous than those

of the budget last year. The provinces were advised to hold down increases in state professional fees and their own spending. "If the average guy goes lawyers and doctors going people off," said a federal official. "We will not help us progress."

The government's warlike to action had more to do with political timing than a worsening of the economic situation. Noted one Liberal MP. "They could have done this 14 months ago. The situation was in full swing." But the government and the country have come a long way since the summer of 1974 when Robert Stanfield was rejected for proposing wage and price controls. Private Liberal surveys last August indicated that the cost of living was the top concern of 66% of the people. The failure of voluntary restraints and John Turner's resignation added to a crisis in confidence. By the time the cabinet decided to inform parliament at March 14th last month it was clear to the Liberals that the people were ready for stronger controls. So, apparently, are the Prime Minister. Manitoba Premier Ed Schreyer otherwise said "anything, but anything, is better than what is happening right now."

As the Protesters went to work with the Prime Minister, they had some hard facts to digest. For starters, the food on the table was 15% more costly than a year ago. The unemployment rate hovered over 7% in 1974 was 11.5%. More workers were laid off by 1975 in the manufacturing

sector by the end of the second quarter. The politicians could hardly call for voluntary restraint and avoid calling their own spending: the combined deficit for all levels of government was a record six billion dollars. Ottawa has committed to pay for the federal oil subsidy program which keeps prices even across the country, and for unemployment insurance.

Most of the Protesters face permanent reminders that one of the pressures fueling inflation might come from wage demands. Doctors in Alberta, Ontario and Manitoba are pushing for big increases of between 33% and 30%. Some are even threatening to opt out of private health plans if those demands are not met. Less than half of 500 major labor contracts in both public and private sectors were settled in the first half of the year. The pressure for large gains persists. "We are one of the few provinces which has tried to keep settlements in the public sector under control to some extent," complained an official in the Nova Scotia government, which faces a strike by the Nova Scotia Power Commission. "The federal government has been making it hard on the provinces with settlements for in excess of the inflation rate."

Several provinces already have moved to control wages—even Ontario has legislation in preparing legislation to end wage-price freeze—Ontario, British Columbia, Manitoba and Nova

GARY MACEY



Scotia introduced a variety of limits on oil and gasoline prices after the federal government banned the price of domestic crude by \$1.30 a barrel in July. "We've been pushing controls," a Manitoba official said. "We are really in this predicament. An Ontario businessman said: 'The provinces would probably go along with controls provided there is a full sharing of the load and a cultural effort.'"

One reason for the change in attitude apart from growing public demand for action is that Canada, like France, Japan and West Germany, got trapped waiting for a revival in international trade as the U.S. economy that Canada was depending on to improve exports will take longer than anticipated to any wage settlements, which have been raising at almost double the U.S. rate any price controls, goods out of competition.

The wonder is why it took the government so long to act. Apparently it needed to make sure the cuts would not cause the distress, but for a government with such a priort in the nation's contemplation of inflation, it took the government to see the economic crisis could well prove to be just as serious as staying in control.

ANDREW HARRIS / ROBERT LOREN

### What this country needs . . .

Canadian businessmen have returned to their historical roots as dramatists. Lately, meeting across the country selling and buying in both white suits and big cities. This time the product is not bare bones, white's dainties. It is a message for both government and the consumer: we must adapt wage and price controls. From St. John's to Vancouver, such diverse personalities as Richard Thomson, the quiet president of the Toronto-Dominion Bank and John Bellish, the tabling, professional champion of the small businessman, took to the podium to warn of the dangers controls pose to the economy.

They have reason for concern. Recently the grey confusion face of the globe and

Mal's Report on Business has been filled with jobs showing 38.4% of Canadian labor wage and price controls. Most of that support comes from Quebec, the Maritimes and British Columbia. A full 75% of Canadian trade unions in one largest national poll. If unions are convinced they will hurt business and industry at a time when corporate profits are at an all-time low, they are not likely to be able to boost the earnings of their shareholders and, for that matter, their own executive jobs and benefits.

Despite the fact that if unions resist, it is not likely to be able to boost the earnings of their shareholders and, for that matter, their own executive jobs and benefits. Despite the fact that if unions resist, it is not likely to be able to boost the earnings of their shareholders and, for that matter, their own executive jobs and benefits. Despite the fact that if unions resist, it is not likely to be able to boost the earnings of their shareholders and, for that matter, their own executive jobs and benefits.

The current message of big business is deceptively simple: cut government spending, reduce restrictions on labor and reward successful productivity through tax cuts. "Ottawa has to encourage this," says the chairman of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, during a speaking tour to Toronto. His latest reflects a conservative backlash among businessmen against skyrocketing federal unemployment benefits (estimated at about five billion dollars this year). "Let's lighten the load by getting those who can work, but won't do our work," he told an enthusiastic audience of businessmen.

They battered banks have been waging a more subtle campaign against heavy-handed government action using their monthly *Business* magazine as an important source of current information for the business community. The banks have also taken a poke at expanded labor saving if large wage settlements continue. Canada will not be able to join the expected 1975

worldwide economic recovery. They do not, however, station their own troops in leaving the economy to the state. It is not so they point out that bank profits reached record highs this fall while profits of other industries were falling. The T-40s Thomson is appearing a first run for the banking community in the attempt to draw the general labor. One of his recent talks ran point out that if the \$1 billion in after-tax profits earned by companies of all sizes in Canada this year were evenly distributed among the labor force, the resulting pay raise would be only 13% or a third less than the Canadian average this summer. He does not point out that this winter's wages represent the wages won by only 25% of the labor force.

Lending its weight to the current campaign staged by larger businesses is John Bellish and the group he organizes—the Canadian Federation of Independent Businessmen. He plans for tactics that seem to be drawn more from Marie Antoinette than John Maynard Keynes. "Massive intervention in Ottawa and provincial capitals," plus a "30-cent Canadian dollar as part of a suggested program."

To date the business community seems content to confine its efforts to entreaty and backdoor lobbying in Ottawa rather than preparing contingency plans for the possibility of wage and price controls, which may in fact be an indication of confidence that controls are the applied. Neither has there been any indication of widespread price increases in anticipation of controls. In high wage areas have expected if wages were thought such action imminent. In fact, the consumer price index, the main indicator for inflation, rose a scant two-tenths of 1% in September after gains of almost 4% for the past three months. The banks watch the currency and the dividend rose well, however, anyone so to be heard and the federal government applies or rejects controls.

TORONTO/ST. LOUIS

### Six different responses to the same burning question



Canada's economists differ as much as politicians over the economy. Among them: John Wilton, McGill University. Canada should concentrate as use of resources and not on controls—more money for housing and transportation. Federal government's role is important because they can't change with what should be discussed. Abe Rotstein, University of Toronto, sees government's role in doing nothing is the best policy. "Taxation has a proven effect," he said. "Taxation has a proven effect," he said. "Taxation has a proven effect," he said.

Economic Council of Canada chairman Andre Raymond, introduces a system of controls on price and income incentives. He believes in their deterrent power. "If people have too high a propensity to get income—however it is paid, they will have more incentives they will follow in the first place," Carl Beigle, D. Howe Research Institute is a strong proponent of wage and price controls and sees one of the first major steps to urge their use. "Theoretical economic policies will not put this country through the problems of being Japan."

Arthur Smith, Conference Board of Canada president, has a similar view. He is a strong proponent of wage and price controls. He is a strong proponent of wage and price controls. He is a strong proponent of wage and price controls. He is a strong proponent of wage and price controls. He is a strong proponent of wage and price controls.

### Pushes \$,000 to the big dog in the sky





of Inland's ownership. Toronto legends of the Sixties: Don Cherry, coach of the Boston Bruins, played for him in the minors. Says Inland, 37, "I guess they were helping to when I said, 'They all'."

The current World Hockey Association also has Inland's disciples, including franchise Bob Beun behind the Toronto Toros' bench. The 14 years with other four years of minor league jobs, lawyers, empty arenas, and an entirely possible retirement campaign, is frustrating. A schedule reshuffle to accommodate the new Denver Spurs and Cincinnati Stingers, has one of the league's three divisions made up entirely of Canadian teams—Quebec, Vancouver, Edmonton, and Calgary (see Vancouver)—a move designed to cut travel expenses and, it is rumored, against the owner's will, in some sort of future breakup of the two leagues. The WHA has sporting problems, however. The presence of the NHL, still being negotiated in the eyes of Saskatchewan fans, has been out of junior. Meanwhile, the league is struggling and losing good young players (Toronto Wayne Dillie and Phil Hickey to the NHL's Rangers, and Vancouver's Phil Poirer to the Islanders), and providing free treatment for such veterans as Dave Keon and Norm Ullrich.

The biggest talent pool for the pros is still college and junior leagues, but Europe is still far behind. In fact, there may be nights when Vancouver's coach, hockey Kenner needs Berlin more than hockey experience to run his team. The Jets have added two more Swedes in last year's draft and picked up two Finns besides. But such is hockey now that in addition to a Swedish team, it's hard to have a Swedish player on the bench. Vancouver's Bobby Hall makes his team a perennial threat and the oldest hockey millionaire, Houston Aeros' team president, 47-year-old Gordon Howe, has decided to spend more time with his family by playing another year, coopting the two Aeros he inherited. Mack and Murty.

In the NHL's 45th season, Philadelphia, Montreal, Buffalo and the Rangers should be front-runners. Despite its own modest enthusiasm, hockey fans, because his problems. Guy and Phil Espinoza effectively run the team, leaving Coach Don Cherry to open the gate and change the fans. As any ray, Orr's wonky knee will keep him out of action for the next month.

It'll be interesting to see whether the NHL recognizes ex-Toros Dillie and Hickey as rookies when choosing the top four. Hatcher, the WHA, has refused to consider the two as equal, the WHA, for its part, officially refers to the NHL as "the other league." Such an attitude may provide deluged young Montreal Fighting Saints' 35-year-old Dave Keon, only the best recruit in the league, could become the WHA's rookie-of-the-year in second year as "the other league." **PAUL LEELEY**

## Somebody had to go, and nobody liked Gene anyway

Sports Column by Bob Dunn

I find it difficult to blend very much over Gene Maclean, the de-commissioned manager of the Montreal Expos. I know that news will detach Gene Maclean as much as if he'd just been told he'd been taking off my Christmas card list. The Latin General puts journalists in the same category as everyday, hardly tolerable. "This game would be so easy," he told me earlier this year. "If a woman [for the newspapers]." My lack of sympathy, however, goes far beyond his disdain for reporters. Approximately \$75,000 beyond, since that's what Maclean will earn next season if the rumors to his California college near Palm Springs, and works his hands to the bone playing golf.

So Gene Maclean, for the second time in 15 seasons, is unemployed. If he is half as good as he says he is, that status will last only as long as he wants it to last. He already has offers from two other teams. But while his discharge was largely self-inflicted, the Latin General did leave Montreal in a legacy of sorts: anybody who got to within an arm's reach never got away without knowing more about baseball. How could they for him, then? It was like that actually. The three most noticeable occupants of the Expos' every tower—president John McHale, general manager Jim Fanning, and Maclean—were consistently under fire this season. McHale was an idiot as General. He owes 10% of the club's future, because as told as Ford. He was a

faithful associate of McHale. Maclean, it turned out, was as solid as the Van Home Manservant, and they tested that in 1974.

Maclean was involved in '75. The final act of destruction was authored by chairman of the board Charles Bronfman, who owns 45% of the union. Some say Charles was convinced by the fans, who created such opposition to Maclean that public relations resources became missions of peace. That is partly true. Some say Bronfman's admiration for Maclean was tarnished by the manager's stubborn nature on doing things his way, always had—always. Whether it was the way Maclean informed trades, including the costly departure of Carl Mason, Mike Tarter, and Ken Singleton, or the way he judged young Expos to be out of the lineup, he'd been so self-righteous. "That was a pretty sure."

On the other hand, it's possible that Charles took himself aside somewhere along Denchard Street and reasoned "Self, somebody has to go. More than 130,000 fans showed away. Jimmy Pate from 1959 to 1975, and if we don't make some significant changes, another 130,000 will stay away in '76. We can't fire the players, because we're committed to this. This season. If we fire McHale, nobody will even look at the ball park, except Mike McHale, and the season's come much away. Fanning? You don't seriously believe anyone came to watch him generally manage? So it's Gene. At least the fans see him now and again, so they're certain to come. We've changed. Besides, it's not as if we're sending him to Bangladesh. He's got \$75,000 in his pocket!"

But it isn't even partly true that Bronfman fired Maclean because the team won 73 games and lost 87. "We had to be a team, come to see 73 games with that risky-risk could we put out that sun's warning," Bronfman left behind Bob Bailey, the most devoted of Maclean's disciples. Bronfman never designated for seven years. Gene Maclean managed a team that rose from obscurity to mediocrity, and always played at some level in between. He never did manage a good Expos team, and it expects he would've blown it if he had. He did in Philadelphia in 1964 when his team lost 10 consecutive games in the last two weeks of the season. Over-managing, they call it.

The seven-year reign of the Latin General is over. What was it like, statistics notwithstanding? "It was like kindergarten and boot camp at the same time." One player told me. "And I know because I've been to kindergarten and I've been to boot camp."

Maclean has been a head-scratcher for over five years. He's been told he's a loser. What did he do for that?



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guard it by constantly shifting the locale of his three antennae (a fourth was placed openly along the local police station). D'Alester, a former anti-porno dealer, has so far managed to monetize cable service and in the process has become something of a local folk hero. Despite poor reception, pre-D'Alester customers report to hunt the movements of federal inspectors as they rove the countryside armed with the latest in electronic detection equipment. On one occasion, D'Alester's eyes, broadest scenes of a federal march on his station over a community channel.

Federal authorities, however, are not engaging this Keystone case either. Last summer in Ottawa, former federal communications minister Gerald Flanagan dined openly with Quebec's then-communications minister Lucie-Paol L'Allier in a federal-provincial conference blatantly ignoring the province of attempting "an encroachment on federal powers." Two weeks later Premier Robert Bourassa replaced L'Allier with Denis Hurley—a move forcefully interpreted in Ottawa as an effort to defuse the crisis. But while Hurley has avoided visiting provincial officials, he has not been able to avoid L'Allier's legal expenses, reported to be \$100,000. And Bourassa recently insisted that the *Alouettes* case goes to the very heart of the cultural dispute's core.

In Ottawa, new federal communications minister, Pierre Jettou, is asking a political question: "It would be wiser to solve this problem by means other than the courts," he says. But Jettou, who sees Hardy as more moderate than his predecessor, sides in the dispute ("you won't go away"). And Ottawa, he adds pointedly, is not dropping its legal action against *Dr. Arnold*.

Legally, the federal position seems secure. A series of precedents dating back to 1932 gives the feds control over "the transmission and reception of signs, signals, pictures and sounds of all kinds by means of Hertzian waves." The Broadcasting Act gives the CRTC power to regulate all matters of broadcasting, including cable. And last January a federal court upheld Ottawa's jurisdiction over the distribution of cable signals. "Picking a fight on this," concludes Kohn, "is in nobody's interest."

Monroe back in Montreal, 1000 feet from where she played, and A'Court is cable car-bound, waiting outside at the rate of 100 horses a week and there's a waiting list of 1,000. But for the Ramblers, the question is not so much whether Ottawa or Quebec controls cable signs, as whether they'll be able to watch Gray Line and the Canadians that winter. And while these loyalists understandably sit with fellow townsmen A'Court, they would probably agree with plaintiff Donnelly's assessment of the situation: Said Donnelly, recently returned from a last transplant operation in New York: "It's enough to make you tear your hair out."

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## Environment

## TO URBAN OVERGROWTH, A QUIET ABSTENTION

Within a new block of such other, near McGill University in Montreal stand two groups of stately Victorian town houses that exemplify the Bright and Dark Sides of urban development: The Duke Side or DuRoi Terrace, on Drummond Street, where three 18th-century mansions stand added to the elements that have been ripped off as a recent remnant of the London 1870s. The houses were partly demolished last winter by a developer who wants to replace them with hygienic apartments; a court order halted the wreckers' method-had man-made and the buildings' fall is still unresolved.

A few weeks' talk on Prince Arthur Street, their anchor rent of five houses which a few years ago faced a similar fate. They were bought in 1972 from McGill University by a group of five architects who planned to demolish the old houses and build a high-rise apartment building. The fall in rents and the new acquisition led them to re-evaluate their plans. Says Jardine Prince Arthur is a sleek, six-apartment office complex that suits its owners' low profit, then they would have realized by going the high-rise route—but has helped influence other Montreal neighborhoods toward renovation and away from demolition. It also paved the way for the same group of architects to undertake a larger, costly renovation of the 1920s-style, 10-story, 100-unit conversion of two acres at which it owns about 200 apartments in Montreal's Old Town.

In Vancouver and Toronto, these achievement would be commonplace. In Montreal where Mayor Jean Drapeau had announced his successful leave affair with the city's top cop, the response was different. "We weren't the last in line," says Mayor Desjardins. 48 out of the five awards "but we were the first to succeed." Which is why Les Roches Paris-Arthur was named this week as one of eight recipients of Vincent Massey Awards for 1987. The awards are given to individuals or organizations—no money just a plaque for the community—not aimed at recognizing dispossessed but have a significant impact on city life. And they don't necessarily go to well-designed expensive buildings. One important sign Branche Van Ginkel, president of the awards committee, is the political climate in which a project is carried out and later the effects it can do on the people who live with it. The foundation's years of five judges spent 10 days city-shopping across the country last July. They screened 1,000 projects, awarded 100 and gave out heavy dollops of that effort. "We're looking at complex urban problems," says one of the judges. "Somebody

has been happening in the past four years," says Mrs. Van Ginkel. "It's people involvement—people stopping desecration and trespassing, saving neighborhoods, people coming up with simple initiatives that turn a negative into a positive."

The other reasons cited by the judges were these developments that tried to create urban focal points where none existed: the Albert Campbell Square part of the municipal hall-shopping complex is



Las Juntas architecte Claude Gagnon, Roussillon, says what they can

Scarborough, a suburb of Toronto. Wascana Centre, the park-like development created around a man-made lake on the outskirts of Regina, and the instant city centre created for the new oil mining community of Leaf Rapids, Manitoba, 300 miles north of Winnipeg, by the provincial new government.

Three key developments resulted from grassroots power: Vancouver's De Cooze Village, one of the first and certainly the most authentically planning housing co-operatives in Canada; the Vancouver Chinese residential area, called Szechuen, once a slum, where tenants and homeowning forces led to end the demolition of their neighborhood at the same time convincing city and federal governments to fund local improvements; and Penticton's Retirement Centre where house-people carefully monitored the building of their old age home and are so fully involved in its daily programs it's like a second community.

Finally, in a category all of its own, *La Promenade des Gouverneurs*, a walkway that provides a breathtaking (in more ways than one) path up the steep cliffs of Quebec City.

DAVE McDONALD

## Travel

LAST CALL FROM BALI HAT: THE END OF AN ERA

One is a sailing boat in a Hong Kong harbor. Another is a hotel on Long Beach, California. But most of the migrant passengers are from parts of the world that are not even on the map. They are sailing on ancient, rusted-out hulks of double-ended, Teflon-coated Gulfstream movie trailers. Despite meager amenities and bargain basement fares, the big money lies not in deep discounts but in the last two years alone for four major lines and nine ships, mainly those of the Mescalero and the Oronoco. The boats have been sold to the owners of the 1980s fuel price increases. For most of the past, steam-turbine ships, which guzzled fuel at an enormous rate, were the dramatic, top-leap represented and guaranteed, one-way voyage to the scrapyard. "Within a period of six months in 1984, says Andrew Polakowski, vice president of the American Ship Recycling Line, "the fleet jumped from 38% of the operating capacity to an incredible 70%."

Survivors of the cost hikes quickly introduced some new wrinkles, raising crating speeds by one third to reduce fuel consumption, waiting fewer ports, and building more compact, diesel-powered ships designed specifically for cranning. In recent months, the shipping companies have also refined their marketing programs. Instead of 90-day increments to the South Sea, once popular with dowagers, new promotions feature one-week and sometimes three-day cruises aimed squarely at the

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mass market. Leading shipping lines, such as Princess and Holland America, are even offering free or greatly reduced air fares to Fort Lauderdale, New Orleans and San Juan, Puerto Rico, to lure travelers. (A week-long Caribbean cruise can now be had for less than \$400, including air fare.)

But even with the new promotional strategy, success for the program for the cruising business seems distinctly unwelcome. Laidlaw's 10% hike in oil prices will probably spell farewell voyages this winter for half-a-dozen or more passenger ships. And more a continuing supply of cruise ships.

### No room at the inn

[illegible]

It may not be enough. Hiquo has reserved 35% of the hotel space in greater Montreal—about 25,000 rooms. But fully 20,000 of those rooms will be needed for dignitaries, poets and Olympic officials. And for the other 65%, many's their plan to give priority to long-standing customers. Hiquo has reserved rooms in boarding houses, youth hostels, apartments, private homes and student dormitories—as well as space in transient towns.

The Quebec government on 15 May hopes to ensure that no housing transfer derives from this latest Dispersal programme. Visitors to Expo beware double efforts to ensure complaints that 15 000 more have been invited back for a free stay. The second stay programme of these problems, Quebec has been given power to control access, conditions, rents and parking fees within a 100-metre radius of the city. That could give more control to Americans than Canadians. Nearly 15% of Hôpital's requests to date originate in Canada—compared to just 6% from the United States. With the scheduling 100 hours of the games on television, Canadians seem to have decided that the best bet will be their own living conditions.



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# Medicine

## AUSTRALIAN MEDICARE: THE KICKS AND SCREAMS HAVE A FAMILIAR RING

The hippies were lined up outside the doctor's car as Sydney's trendy *Puddington* district—about 60 of them, all suffering from hangovers—found the car the doctor was famously waiting out prescriptions. "It happens every Saturday night," he said. "Before I ever went to college, they're my friends. Now I get them to sign a Medibank form. Let's see, at \$3.80 a throw, that's about \$150 I've earned in 10 minutes. I don't think the government has considered the amount of free service doctors used to provide." Evidently not their mouths after all. Meanwhile, Medibank—the Australian government's \$1.4 billion medical health plan—is already running 25% over budget.



Harvey watching a nerve of history

A cross between Canada's Medicine and England's National Health, the Australian plan has faced bitter opposition from doctors. Social Security Minister Bill Hayden, the man responsible for Medibank and the principal target of their campaign, was characterized in a *Nine* in uniform and currently pelted in a

Canadian reaction, all I'd have to do is change the name." Adds Dr. R. A. Armstrong, another member of the Australian contingent, "Every new scheme is going to have a few problems." Dubbed "Mr. Free" by the Australian press, Armstrong—Canada's director general of health services—stunned Australian audiences that "right-wing" opposition to the scheme would eventually die down.

Some of it has—but doctors who fled Britain's national health plan 21 years ago are fighting a stubborn rearguard action. "I refuse to surrender to the Labor government's tone," says Peter Morris, the only doctor in Hertsfordshire, a small mining town south of Sydney. "In England I saw 20 patients an hour, so here I have a couple and I couldn't cope with it. I made a few diagnosis diagnoses." Other doctors have simply stopped practicing. Present Sydney surgeon Dr. Harry Seale stopped the shaggle down from his office. "I'm never going to treat a patient again," he vowed. "I've had it." But Dr. Harvey, recalling the Canadian experience, says "In 1969, 40% of Manitoba's doctors opted out of Medicare. Today, only 4% are out of it."

Medibank is also being so short at some of the provinces. In Western Australia, Melbourne suburbanists Wilkie and Margaret Paul accused their Medibank cards in the mail, another card arrived for Cinder Paul—the family cat. "I figure it'll now be cheaper to take Cinder to the doctor than the vet," joked Paul. In Canberra, the nation's capital, heavy demands in clogging the Medibank computers, delaying payments of some services and adding a month on an estimated 1.3 million claim, 40% more than had been anticipated. Not bad for a population of 13.5 million.

The scheme itself covers both medical and hospital expenses, although the conservative government of New South Wales, Australia's largest population state, still has not reached agreement with federal officials on the hospital portion of the plan. For medical services, Medibank pays at least 85% of the scheduled fee, determined by an independent committee. As in Canada, however, some doctors refuse to accept the plan. "The government is increasing acceptance among doctors but here the sharp rise in direct billing—up 25% since July. The simplest and most efficient method of payment, it allows doctors to bill the government directly, without involving patients."

By Canadian standards, Medibank's

fee schedule seems positively old-fashioned—\$3.80 for most standard consultations of less than 15 minutes, \$5.75 for work between five and 25 minutes. Still, Australian doctors are raising some impressive returns. One Sydney surgeon, known to his colleagues as "Mr. Millions," lodged claim, ending \$90,000 in the first month alone. The doctor spends 17 hours a day, seven days a week, riding between his local hospital and eight suburban surgery locations in a white Rolls-Royce, and personally sees 1,000 patients a week.

Visitors to Australia are also eligible for Medibank, and the nation's doctors are now preparing for a flood of New Zealanders, reducing charge abortions. The regular fee for an abortion is \$54 under Medibank. New Zealanders would get a rebate of 95%—a loophole not likely to win widespread Australian support. Meanwhile, the hippies of Puddington continue to get their hangover cure. "I've had it," says Dr. Harvey, "and there's more than 20 people in line to take 10 minutes from his valuable drinking time to write prescriptions."

PHIL MACKAY

### And call him in the morning

The latest *Coronation Street* week ends with a gift for understatement, once said "Why should I go to bed every night? Sleep is only a habit." So it is—one that consumes nearly 20 years in an average lifetime, and it gradually more takes hold as the weeks. The latest contribution to the discussion in *The Sleep Book*, to be published next month by Macmillan of Canada. While in westerns hardly consider a reader reaction won't be able to put down, the book—inspired by Toronto physician James Penzel and journalist Tim Ferriss—does reveal some interesting nocturnal patterns.

Pragmatically, after a 16-year-old CP, disordered sleep patterns or sleeping habits to 2,500 patients. The regular (he recalled better than 25%) indicate that sleep problems are more endemic than he originally thought. Almost a third of the respondents reported serious sleeping difficulties, some 15% considered a doctor, and 10% ended up on barbiturates. The major sleep inhibitor, stress—caused by grief, fear, anxiety. To offset, Penzel suggests a regular pre-sleep routine (warm milk or tea) and a diary for dreams. "Times that don't surface during the day become very clear in dreams," he says. "We should take advantage of that. It's a chance to enjoy our memory."

PHIL MACKAY

# Television

## THE CBC'S 'OCTOBER CRISIS': HARDLY WORTH THE FIVE-YEAR WAIT

The CBC made an act of itself in October 1970, when the government declared the *War Measures Act*. Like almost everybody else, the network panicked. Documentaries on Lenin and the Hollywood Ten were, extremely postponed because the network apparently felt they would set off sparks in a combustible political climate.



Crisis, with Barbara and daughter Susan for \$600, another timelessness

admission. The network has finally calmed down enough to do the job it should have done. It will look at the events in Quebec in a 24-hour documentary-drama called *The October Crisis*, to be aired October 26.

The CBC spent eight months and \$250,000 on the project. "We objective was to provide a great deal more information about that period," says Peter Herrick, head of CBC's current affairs department. He and producer Mark Blundell brought together a unit of 20 people and worked them in four rooms in Montreal's Windsor Hotel. "It was all supposed to be very high-tech but their program was one of the worst programs in Montreal media circles. Journalism has in Ron Haggart, Robert Gwynn, Lynn Martin, Joe Jacobs, Nicky and the Mace and Joe Mackay, the world's best CP reporter David Holmes, Brian Stewart and Don Murray under Blundell's supervision. They spent the first three months just gathering research. "It's worth it," Haggart indicates as he. The October Crisis reveals only a fraction of new information. After the 1400-matched Pierre Laporte from his front lawn, a promotion Montreal's (heily) approached Laporte's aides offering to

help find him. The program also confirms reports that police knew Paul Rose was involved with the Laporte kidnapping and at one time even had him under surveillance. The most controversial segments will be the 16 documentary features written by Tony Sheer and directed by Alan Rock. "We use the drama approach to underline and dramatize the documentary," says Herrick, which is neither way of saying some people wouldn't talk for the camera. Accepting involving a Quebec television station's later necessity of what it was like to work the Bessie cabinet when they talked up in Montreal's Queen Elizabeth Hotel had to be eliminated because the minister wouldn't appear on screen. Some of the program's players who are still in power wouldn't talk at all. Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau and ex-Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau made themselves unavailable. The federal Minister-Glen (re)laid, to allow improved TVC members to be interviewed. They in turn asked their lawyer, Robert Lemieux (a longshoreman in Sept. 68), not to talk. The CBC had to pay James Cox \$600 for his exclusive photographs.

It adds up to an enormous effort for the network and the public does not appear to care for anyone to shed more light on the crisis anyway. Two books on the subject—*Power of War* by Ron Haggart and Arthur Golden, and *The Revolution Story* by Brian Moore—have sold poorly. Although the National Film Board's *October* aired last November when it was shown on CBC earlier this year. Two feature films, *Les Ombres* which was shown at the Cannes Film Festival, and *Angels and Devils* in two films outside Quebec. It seems doubtful that *The October Crisis* will shake the nation's overwhelming indifference to the crisis.

RON BAE

### Keep on trekking

William Shatner stopped trying to be a astronaut. On the early *Saturn* and left Stratford a week of Hollywood gold. He thought he'd said pay day when he landed the landing role on *Saturn*. The nation's most famous man on TV since 1966 and 1969. He was wrong. Although he saved the universe from destruction every week for three years as Captain James T. Kirk of the *Star Enterprise*, he couldn't save himself from the Bessie Campbell Group of Paramount Television's bookkeeping. The series, which was being recycled on 255 stations around the world, making it the most popular syndicated show in existence, but Paramount,

which owns the majority interest, wants a total \$1.5 million in the Red Shatner owners part of the show with producer Gene Roddenberry, but he hasn't provided a cost of *Saturn*'s syndication rights. "I'm not bitter about it," he says, "although I do regret the fact that people who had nothing to do with the success of the show are making too much money."

Shatner is going for gold again after seven years in the wilderness of television past, upon former show, then short comedies and 8 movies. This time he plays an undercover agent named Jack Clyde in a Western drama for air called *The Barbary Coast*. He's fighting crime in 1930s California with Doug McClure co-star of *Knight in Rattle and Chain* with Leonard Nimoy. The show's first lead and absolutely it. It has Shatner dressing three or four diagrams each week to fool the bad guys, and in a scene he must spend up to 30 hours a day in a makeup chair. Unfortunately, it may all be for nothing once again: the show series marked for cancellation. The drama was packed a pony because execs wanted to have the only prime time Western on the air but it's playing against stiff competition. Mary Tyler Moore and *Phyllis* are on. A number of execs are running it in odd time periods or not at all. Ironically, they are trying for a screen fiction series instead, *It's About Time*.

Shatner wishes neither optimistic, seeing a business like any other (it is), he's concerned. Every morning he gets up at five thirty, gets exercises and goes to the studio. Who does he think about during those long hours in the makeup chair? "Sometimes," he sighs, "I'm here and try to figure out what happened to all that *Star Trek* money."

RON BAE

Medicine, Shatner: no match for the ladies







# Films

## LESTER'S ROYAL FLASH: CARRY ON SWASHBUCKLING

### ROYAL FLASH

Directed by Richard Lester  
Richard Lester's *Royal Flash* is a royal fraud. The slick ad-and-tec campaign, which portrays it as a nostalgic Rubelskian romp (playful in sprinkling the word's late-19th-and-early-20th-century adventures over the next three months, using some satirical bits from scenes not in the movie) is ultimately more irritating than the film itself. Any trace of reality or wackiness has been deleted from this film. Richard Lester can't bring for the movie enough play in theater and on television. It seems that Richard Lester wrote best when he's desperate, but whenever he is given his head (as he was after *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help*), he goes to the safe. One of the films he made after the Beatles series, *The Bed Struck House* (1969), was an unimpressive musical it never went into general release.

Lester's latest campaign began two years ago with *The Three Musketeers*. He was desperate and considered almost "unbearable" after several flops. *Perils of Pauline* (1967), *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* (1966), *How I Won the War* (1967), but he didn't work on the film (and its sequel), *The Four Musketeers* and he even better with *Argentine*, developing a trio of the evil duos, even as a tightly paced, intelligent drama. All that were big box office hits and once again, Lester had come home as a director. Predictably, with *Royal Flash* is a back to a lay in a house of musketeers and panderous whimsies.

The movie is based on one of George MacDonald Fraser's *Flashman* novels which have enjoyed a glowing reputation in England since 1970. For Harry Flashman, a cad but a gentleman of the 19th century, is hired to Germany by an unscrupulous adventurer and becomes involved in a desperate succession of escapes, depredations and love affairs. The film is an unholy parody with a game of Russian roulette between Flashman and his friend Rask Van Sturmer (Alan Bates). We are not allowed to know who, if anyone, is killed after we hear a shot fired, but presumably it was Flashman. The scenes of the sword will know their hits for their fighting and sword escapes are never seriously threatened.

The books are bawdy and witty—the

film is neither. Missing the differences between *Dumas' Three Musketeers* and the *Flashman* series, Lester renders both stories with an identical style. loosely connected right-to-left interrupted by restoring meandering. To get around where it due it should be noted that Fraser himself has written the script for all three of Lester's comic swashbucklers. He is partly responsible for the tame, unexciting, unexciting and sometimes that looks *Royal Flash*.

It seems as no surprise that most of the action, as a film so unimpressive and cynical by merchandising are wasted. Malcolm McDowell, who was so effective in *London* (and Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*), gives a brittle shadow performance as the Harry Flashman. Alan Bates, who consistently appears an atroc-



McDowell and Bates skated in a Rubelskian romp for the family

ious scenario to his roles (as George Gollum in *The Goats*, *Reds* among others) seems oddly unimpressive in this one. Alan Bates after a long absence from movies does a forgettable walk-through in a cameo role. The only actors who distinguish themselves are Florida Bofill (as sister in *Venus De Secret*) and *Don't You Know* as the companion, Leda Morini, and Oliver Reed in an extremely subdued performance as a Machiavellian Bonaparte.

Much more attention has been paid to technical details of photographs, lighting, set design and costumes than to the historical of the piece. In the past when Lester came a craze it was due to self-indulgence (*A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*) pretentiousness (*Perils*), or plain bad taste combined with competence (*How I Won the War*) and *Red Struck House*, but there was at least a considerable element of risk-taking involved. This time he is fully conservatively adhering to formula. No really on any di-

rective would repeat himself as shamelessly. No one expects profundity in this kind of entertainment, but the least a director can do is give superficially some spirit and life. In *Royal Flash*, on quality is served by the dumb buffoonery of comic on like a cold wave. JOHN HODGINS

### Jutra shrugs one off

Directed by Claude Jutra

Claude Jutra has a problem. His film *Cherchez l'Amour* occupies a special place in our movie history as the first Canadian film that was both highly praised and immensely popular. He three other features, *A Time For People* (1961), *Wax* (1969), and *Kanawake* (1971) earned him to film status as a director. The result is that every film he does now is expected to be (at) a profound expression of the Canadian soul (whether that is and) (his realistic and non-official). Jutra's latest film *For Jesus Or Money* won't fulfill either expectation. It is not a failure, it's a quiet retreat.

The main characters in the film, Bernard and Hélène (wisely played by Jean and Monique Milner) are a middle-class married couple living in Montreal. Although the story seems to take place in a single day, the seasons change outside their apartment and their very self-absorbed daughter grows

from infancy to late adolescence. Bernard brings home a guest, Sébastien, who he thinks is his wife's next lover. He is still wrong (Hélène is in a liaison with someone named Jerry, a character we never meet) and the evening degenerates into a complete disaster. The most unexpected moment in the film comes at the end when Bernard and Hélène do a sprightly song-and-dance with Sébastien. They have been the same boys. As they fantasize about their living room to a living room, they arrange each other for their usual misadventures in nearly rhythmic sequence.

The film is essentially a study of a marriage spinning 20 years. This may sound ambitious but Jutra, writing perhaps to avoid any deep and frustrating with his own experience, trivializes the subject matter by making it into a comedy. No note is truly serious or poorly acted, but only the coincidences of modern movies will really like it. The rest will come out saying "So what?" JOHN HODGINS

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# With Loughheed out, there isn't a Tory who can win, place or show

Column by Allan Fotheringham

Peter Loughheed's face seems puffy and soft. The hair is mixed grey and slightly one-night. That flow of black jowls is looking so much stronger. There seems little physical beauty in the man who just such a short time ago embodied in his stride and stance the tough little defensive halfback he was with the Edmonton Eskimos. In short, the Premier of Alberta seems a man who is physically spent. You look at him and you see something that two weeks in

on that executive chair. Here was that man in the end that he had been a very busy man in and walked to Ottawa. Loughheed on their shoulders. The leadership quiz possibly the prime ministership is there on a platter. If he wants it. And yet there sat Loughheed and the strength late voted out of the end of a many Alberta summer. In the lack of color in his face. It is not what he says ("I'm not running") but how he looks that is convincing



An exhausted Loughheed and an excellent Mulroney: top man out, old man in

Howie isn't sure. You see something only an month away from his duties can see. In answer you see something that makes you believe for the first time that the Premier of Alberta is not going to run. It just could not run for the leadership of the Conservative Party.

In New Brunswick in August, at the provincial premier's conference, a week back to see the day after the spring, when he returned the subject Loughheed at the Ottawa energy conference. Here was a man himself aging under our eyes due to the burden of office. In fact the physical toll was excused during the long climb to the top—when Loughheed took the Tories from idleness to embarking on the futility-memorial of Ernest Manning's Social Credit rule. The present is bad enough, but the whittling hour and softening blow is the push for post struggles.

In September there was a change in the status of the Vancouver ballroom. A leadership speech by Loughheed sponsored by the Board of Trade and the Canadian Club at a time when it seemed Reel Plunge and Gerald Rous were running the country, the Trudeau government completely at sea. Turner goes. Big Mac sat up, anxious, businessmen fanned with the drift in Ottawa.

The stock executives literally fought to go in to hear the news. 100 or so were denied entrance and the 1,000 would rather go to pay attention to the Ontario Tory in the country were largely Liberal (including Jimmy Sinclair grandfather of the Tories) across. As they listened you could almost see the drift of leadership lost

Given all that, what have we left? Do we order as state suspect, have all the makings of the spokesman who holds a heavy cross in Thunder Bay and nobody else? We are too weak to go? Who said Macdonald was so dumb?

There is Claude Wagner, owner of the largest collection of side-shock sports jackets in the Commons. Here is the party to everyone all these systems. About that research slash that emerged him off the Quebec, bench and away from the Liberals into the Tory party? There is that reputation for meanness and his imposing self in the St. Lawrence. Can he win the West? No.

There is Hara MacDonald, bright and pragmatic Alberta, attempting to test whether the new world of Canada is as tolerant as the British history that accepted Margaret Thatcher. I'll tell you, the answer is no. Flora already has ordered Dad's description of her as "the first woman to walk the streets of Kingston since Confederation." But can she stand four months of repetition along her—as Don McNeil, the CBC's Man from Gladiolus—about her sex life? (Jerry Ford has a lot to answer for.)

Or James Giffey who talks so well outside the Commons and so ineffectively in it. Of that celebrated Toronto speech in which he blamed everyone in the Tory party except himself for the blip, he now will be conspired by himself and his own even considered its impact on the leadership race. Right. But the impact is shoddy. Good-night, Jim.

In these, undoubtedly, will be Jack Hor-

ner. The Tory philosophy's answer is Gary Copey. John Turner once said that if you put all 264 men into a ring the last two men standing would be Frank Howard, the former vice prime now writing a book on his youthful days in prison, and Horne. True, but does the divided TV audience of Canada wish to witness a rap-steam match from the stage of the Ottawa Civic Arena. Back in his red-neck end, Gary Copey is grumpy, grumpy for his glasses and Flora is tight. Possibly.

Giffey himself, "the game from Bruce," is a man on running a disciplined leadership campaign that he even selects the wine for his political wine-and-choose parties. Can the Tories of Jack-in-the-Barnyard accept a man who knows the difference between Ontario Gin and Chateau? Of course not.

John Fraser, so elegant so polite, so much so capable. Bruce Columbia has never supplied a prime minister to the nation. Fraser will keep that record intact.

David Crombie, Toronto's top perfect mayor with the large moustache eye. Franco himself a West Point, La Guardia. Can a municipal politician who is practically unknown past the industry delights of DeWolfe win a federal party leadership? No. Good-night, David.

Bill Davis and Danny McKeown are winners of self-improvement. Ian Clark is a young. Pat Nowlan is too young.

There are so bad we even have a candidate named by whom. Some months ago I wrote that the new Tory leader would be Bruce Mulroney "and realize that you read it here last." I've never met Mulroney but I've had my scouts working on him. Mulroney is a member of the House of Commons, knows the West. Even meeting the Prime when he was Alan Hamlin's man in Ottawa. That in vain 15 years ago in Welsh Daffodil Quebec. Gift of the Marney. Married to attractive girl of Yugoslav descent whose father is senior politician at Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital. Jan 37.

The perfect push-button candidate. The other day Mulroney phoned me anxious to contact his unpaid public relations officer. When did he decide to run? "The second time I read it in your column." He scheduled a speech at Toronto's Empire Club for mid-October and then took the West. Beautiful. A word which before he's a really life insurance.

Can anyone win? No. We're back to the beauty contest in Thunder Bay. The only thing missing at the convention will be Harold Stinson.

# Like Benson & Hedges... the longer the better.



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